November 6th, 1850

My dear Mother,

I received your letter.

The other day (a very difficult time) I am glad Lane is better. I hope the world will continue to grow better and become possessed of an indescribable longing to come here. Mr. Booth says the shell with the clock next summer unless the year go well. He thinks it will not be polite in him to urge you further to come, but if you only would we should be very happy.

Tell Helen that I do not think she is very nervous. I have not heard from Sabine, but more even. You tell Mr. Booth it is well that I went to Lubin because I found him. I guess it is — what should I have done if I had never seen him — I should have been so disappointed.

Byron wrote to Mr. Booth the other day telling him that he did not like Sabine to protest on marrying as the child and saying that she should always feel kindly towards me. Of course the wife — to an evil idea to the angry wife. As Anna Morgan says, I do throw myself roughly into any训练 her when she all of the time. I move her better every day — I guess I must. Pelton's religion is like Sarah's.
I believe you have taken a notion to Square Mani —
you always did like this — well, you may if you
want to — Lane is very cunning to say — the men
fancied any young wheel and then began to accounts
On whose account did the dream for so long of
the young fellow in the cars — I believe that we
some fellow lives in Milwaukee, there is somebody there
that looks as he said he did — the ought to come
and see him — the rush comes and see "Sam" — he
works in the office and board there — I guess he
would be quite sociable with them.

I wish you would write and tell me whether
whether you will come here on another and if you
are not coming when you intend to live —

If I could only give you an idea of our house, you
would want to come. I know I don't think
you show a Christian spirit. If you are in love
with any one it's your duty to write and ask my
advice on the matter. As I have said,
We have a Batel girl who is very much like
Marie. I didn't suppose you would keep Mangan to
as long. How much does Mrs. Wilmot's pay
for any person — I am going to write to Mrs. to
receive fifty dollars, as I think, from I only have
in. I have been making a long paper with a string
around the neck to day for myself to wear — When I
go in "kitchen" — I have teaching our girl to read
and spell and arithmetic — she is delighted to
learn — I think it is Mrs. Wilmans duty to

give me the Books of Mrs. Hall's that she was going to, I suppose people think because I am married it is no matter. Whether I have any thing on and-

Jan. 10. We received the box you sent, thanks might I thank you very much for the cake. It is very nice. It was too bad that were made to much trouble for me. The statue was beautiful but it was broken. The head and legs were broken off. I think its can be mended. Angelina and that old blue dress looked very natural. The freight on the box was nine dollars, and a half. I thank Mrs. Billian for Mrs. Hall's book. I think you had better make up your minds to come there and spend the summer, and then if you doubt, take it away you can go back. Every one says yours is excellent. This is very interesting. I have been writing to Baudelle to day. Does Ryburn write to you now? I have learned a great many new tunes. I will write to you then next time. Give my love to Jane I hope she will be better soon.

aff sound.

Mary

Tell Henry the daguerreotype business is very good here if he will come here and bring Raymond. It is entirely unsatisfactory.
Dear mother and sister, Hanley, Jan 14, 1852

How do you do this evening.

I am still expecting a cold and a lame foot. I caught it about three weeks ago and am not able to go to school yet. I have attended school since this winter like my teacher very much. Study first Primary Geography, Emerson's Aesthetic, read in the Village Reader. My teacher's name is Catharine Hask. She boards at uncle Ted's.

How is your health this winter? Six Jane and she any better than it was last summer and fall and how is your dear mother. And now I want to know about Mary and her husband.

Where she is and what she is doing and all about her and where she was when she was married. I want you to write me an answer to this letter about yourself Mary and Jane and send me a pair of India rubber garters such as you sent me before. Mrs. Hill is dead. He died last Thursday. His funeral was attended today at East Charlestown. Mrs. Hill has moved her things away today and it is real lonesome here tonight. How do Charlotte de tell her I should like to see her. I want to see you all very much. When are you coming to see me? Martha and Doane is to work here. The folks are all well. All of them and ain't Sally's health is better. Than it was last winter. Father is going to going brooms uncle Daniel isn't putting matches in Berlin.
He started last week. They have put a new school house here. It stands opposite ours. Doct. Smith and aunt Smith are both dead and Moses Blood has buried his little boy. Miss Crittenden is quite out of health and it is feared she is going into a consumption. I feel very sorry for poor Jane. I can't think of anything more to write now. So good night.

Martha sends her love to Jane. I remain your affectionate daughter, Caroline Wood.

Tuesday am. I have thought of some things more I wish to write and as I had not sealed my letters I thought best to write them. I should like if you should ever come to see me if you would bring my likeness with you. I don't mean to wish for it. I asked only want to see it if you can carry it back with you. I am contented here. I want you to write when you think you can come and see me. Martha Dowe is my acquaintance but with a little help I write my name. I shall expect a letter from you soon. Don't let me be disappointed.
Newark, Jan. 27

1850

So really seeing my own hand

I am never finished
time to write to you again
during the week

of the last I believe that all
my letters do your greatly harm her
written in the letter. I de not
know how it is with some
people, who talk of "killing time"
for my own part - I cannot ever
by rising early, and sitting up until
after midnight as is very usual
for people in London. I would much
have

seen.

That I have spent an idle
hour. You might think, judging
from the short time we spent full
Nov. 5 together that I was a
very little girl - but believe me,
I am not so young never
evry

Now that I devote two or the
weeks (Wednesday and Sundays) to
the pleasant climes of the easel. I do
have to be more

At least the lady is almost discovered
me when I look on the beautiful
lines and soft shades which must

more and then look out at my own

man and I must appear to me down a great la
with one blow—so I will go
on in patient and persevering
study in hopes to attain to De
scartes, or degree of perfection, if my
life is spared.

How is that poor feeble
lady of yours doing— for the
Spirit. I feel troubled about
it in life or be it death. It is
well with it. But the dear
suffering frames which I love
too well indeed. I do feel
surprised to hear what state
that is in. Oh it is hard, to
have to bear these trials of
self plish and spirit. But during
as the Lord has deigned to
grant me never through the cloud
in the east. In society
would have pleased. The grace
down to remember in the learned.

It is said an thoughtful thing
and to me that I was
himself reflected. I would
likewise ever since been included
in all these. Did we mean

With this blessed hope, to give
us the joy of pleasant
sister & for

all that time
that yet would.
he made while it lasts.
Opportunities and duties. To let
us improve the golden years
which we have thus far
and store to win the highest seats
in heaven and to win
the lightest crowns for
one star differs from
another star in glory so
let us strive to shine bright
in the permanent domain.
I have not heard from
Brooklyn since I came
from there Jan 21st I expect
they are all fine so I should
hear from you Apt.
Rachel is spending the winter
without us she desires to be
remembered to you. Give
my best love to your mother
and everybody when you write.
I will write you a long letter
again as I used to do.
Your affectionate,
Lucy L.
Salvator, Jan. 1856

My dear Brother,

I wish you would say positively, whether you will come here or not. I have kept asking you, but you answer nothing. We wish to know if you will come so that we may make our arrangements accordingly. I want you to come very much, as you already know, and I want you more than you. I know that she would be happier here than in Hartford, and I would you, you need have no more care, as far as providing for yourself a home and living is concerned. The climate there is excellent for the consumption. I think it might cure then.

I received a letter from Mrs. Paine a day or two ago. Tell Jane that "Ike" is in Springfield. She ought to get well and go and call on him, for I can't do it again for then. As she is a physician, she might be able for him to prescribe for her.

I shall not go home in the Spring, because I can't, and I think Mr. Booth will not go another the goes for you. I suppose you think that if you come here you should feel as though you were dependent. You need not cherish the shadow of a thought like that. Tell just what your thoughts are about it. Don't conceal anything. Speak just as you feel, and then we shall know upon what to depend.
I saw some one in the street I cry who looked just like the "Handsome Beach." I will write to Cathen and Raymundo next time I write - I called on Luiza Perry the other day - and saw her driving a two horse carriage that day a gentleman was with her of course.

This time is coming what again- I suppose she will be married before in midwife after the nurse. She has been very sick, and Dr. Babon thought she had the consumption. She never looked much like it to me.

I know no more of Sabine's people than if they were not in existence - as I send Mr. Kane in the street to day I have not seen him before since I was married.

I love my husband more and more every day. Not one bolt in the enchantment is broken. We have never spoken impatient on any word to each other. How could I be thin? —

We does not have the face of all and is going to sit this year good doke and cure the Babbin's brother - It is very becoming with — you don't know she looks. We had a very high forehead and this eye are as good as Jane's and this hair exactly like hers.

I think every day how much she resembles the picture of Patriots in the Church - with soon -

Look to Jane, Abby, and "Sabine" and Cathen — yours off May
My dear Mother—I have asked you to come to live with us, given my reasons for thinking it would be better for you to come to live with us than to remain where you are. You have not answered definitely. Let me repeat, I have no mother, no friends for you, save my sister Nelly who has lived with me since she was 12 years old—she is one month younger than Mary. All my friends are about as able to take care of themselves. My family proper, therefore, consists of but three—Mary, Nelly and myself. If you are going to be married, that ends the matter. But assuming that you are not yet committed, I can but think it would be better for you to come to live with us, for the following reasons. You could then be with your children, not be obliged to live separated from them. It would relieve all the responsibility in respect to a home of a livelihood. It would be a pleasure to me to take care of you, and if you should wish to change your residence at any time, the facilities for going into a "partnership" are better here than at the last. It would not increase any burden materially, to take care of you, as it would elsewhere. (You sent me a wish cost you something then—it would cost you nothing here. To come here would cost you some, but—say $300. It cost me $200, but some might have to come here. The climate here would be much better for you than in Hartford. For the winter is very mild and the temperature more uniform. We have had but a few inches of snow, but a very few cold days yet. The ground is now bare. Jan. 20th. If Nell is able to sit up a part of the time, she would be able to endure the journey. There is very little fatigue indeed attendant in a journey to Buffalo. You would be but 18 hours at most on the Railroad from Hartford to Buffalo, and a comfortable lounge at夜晚. From Buffalo to a steamer on board a floating palace you can be just as comfortable as at home. You may take care of yourself, etc. No doubt of that, especially...
white in health, but if you were to be taken sick, would you act for
us with those whose might I duty it is to minister to your wants?
You may be pleasantly surprised now, but have you any security that
you always will be? My advice to you would be—unless you are
eagerly to be manied there—to sell all but your best furniture, books, a
bedding, and most of the rest & ship it to Milwaukee, on the opening of naviga-
tion, or unless you prefer to come with Byron, I will come after your
home in May or June, & see you safely home with us. I have no doubt
you ought to come, but you must act you own pleasure in the matter.
I cannot decide the question of duty for you, I think I shall remain
another year in this house but I may not. I think of buying and building
a mile or a half from the city. I can get 80 acres for $300 in the most
lovely spot, with a beautiful view through a ravine between two hills, look-
ing upon the city & you off upon the lake lake. All I can get ten acres
for $500. That would give me a large fruit orchard & garden, land enough to
keep a cow & one, besides raising all the vegetables I should use.
If $300 more I could build a good comfortable house. It is possible I
may buy this house. The time is a going to sell it to me. It is central but
there is too little land belonging to it. It is 50 feet front & 200 feet deep.
What is money? Money has, I shall invest in a Damon & when a
no law can be taken from him. If I should be uninjured in business, Our Home, by the law of Wisconsin, is saved. It cannot
be touched, I could get a good living from the acres of ground in raising
fruit &c. And I am passionately fond of horticulture. On that account
I prefer a residence a little out of the city. The Rail Road passes quite
north of the place I think of purchasing.

I wish you were here now. I could see for yourself what sort of a
home Milwaukee would be. Will you make the trial? If you say yes,
we shall be very glad. If you say no, we will not vex you any more
on the subject. Please write soon. Sincerely,

[Signature]

It seems we have forgotten to sign this name and the
I take the liberty to do it.
My dear Brother—I have asked you to come o live with us, for the following reasons: For thinking it would be better for you to come to live with us than to remain where you are. You have not another wife, and you are not able to take care of yourselves. In your position, therefore, you have no other choice. Money, family, and myself. If you are going to be married, that ends the matter. But assuming that you are not yet married, I can but think it would be better for you to come o live with us, for the following reasons. You could then be with both your children, and not be obliged to see separation from them. It would relieve you of all care, responisibility, and expense to a home as a headman. It would be a pleasure to one to take care of you. And if you should wish to change your residence at any time, the facilities for you into a "partnership" are better here than at the East. It would not increase your labours materially, to take care of you, it would lessen them. Your rent should not cost you anything then. It would cost you nothing here. To come here would cost you a little more, say $500. It cost $300 last year, but some might have to come here. The climate here would be much better for you than in Hartford. For the weather here is far milder, and the temperature much uniform. We have had but a few inches of snow, but a very few cold days, yet, the second is warmer. If you are able to get up a part of the time, you would be able to endure the journey. There is very little fatigue in a journey to Buffalo. You would be but 18 hours at most on the Railroad from Hartford to Buffalo, with a comfortable lounge for invalids. From Buffalo to New York on board a floating palace, you can be as comfortable as at home. You say you are taking care of yourself, so doubt of that, especially...
Whets my health, but if you were to be taken sick, would you not prefer to be with those whose night I duty it is to minister to your wants? You may be pleasantly surprised, but have you any security that you always will be? My advice to you would be—unless you are anxious to be married—then to sell all but your best furniture, books, bedding, &c.; and go with the rest to Milwaukee, or the springs wherever, &c.; in order to come with Byron. I will come after you, in May or June, & see you safely homeward, as I have no doubt you ought to come, but you must act your own pleasure in the matter. I cannot decide the question of duty for you, I think I shall remain another year in this house but I may not. I think of buying and building a mile or a half from the city. I can get the land for $200 in the most lovely spot, with a beautiful view through a ravine between two hills, looking upon the city a few miles off above the blue lakes. Or I can get two acres for $500. That would give me a large fruit orchard & garden, land enough to keep a herd of cows, horses, sheep all the year long. I should use $200 more I could build a good comfortable house. It is possible I may buy the farm; the same is anxious to sell it to me. It is central but there is too little land belonging to it. It is 200 feet from the bay. Whatever money I have, I shall invest in a home, & house, no matter how small. I can live there if you'll come to live. If I should be unfortunate in business, or have by the law of Wisconsin, or second, it cannot be touched. I could get a good living from the acres of ground in planting fruit. And I am passionately fond of horticulture. On that account I prefer a residence a little out of the city. The Rail Road passes quite near the place I think of purchasing.

I wish you were here now; I could see for yourself what sort of a farm Milwaukee would be. Will you make the trial? If you say yes, we shall be very glad; if you say no, we will not vex you any more on the subject. Please write soon. Sherman.

It seems we have forgotten to sign this name and do I assure you I should love to do it.
A York, Feb. 3rd 1800

My dear Jane,

Yours was read yesterday. I am sorry to learn you are not better, and was quite in hopes from what I had heard from you indirectly, that you was somewhat better, you wish me to visit you, but it will be impossible for one to do so at present, as but that has commenced. I have not heard from Dray for a long time. I suppose she is happy, at least, I wish her so. I am afraid you are not all the time I shall go to Mrs. in the fore part of June. I remain there until the first of August, I might wish you to accompany me if I had not been so unfortunate with many. If I think it shall not have anything more to do with young ladies.
I have not seen Miss Julia for a long time. I believe she corresponds with you yet, they are all well in Brooklyn from last accounts. I probably shall see you before I go west, or after my return, I should be happy to hear from you as often as you can make it convenient to write.

Yours affectionately,

[Signature]
The Francie Falls Oct 3rd 50

Dear Jane,

Don't tell you are at this time wondering "why Francie dont write" and perhaps have gone to the post office many times in vain for a line from her. Well, Jane, I am out of the school room this winter, and I must say have had a little leisure time but as procrastination is the thief of time, you know I have been putting off writing till this late hour. Soon after Thanksgiving a series of meeting commenced here and have continued here until the present time. These have been quite a revival of religion here. There have been thirty six baptised within the past five weeks and I hope many more who will follow the serious lesson to our little Sunday school long I fell Jane, that I have received a blessing that I have found about precious to me. You have I suppose experienced the love of Jesus long, long ago...
I remember when you lived in Bloxley that you used frequently to write to me and talk to me about my future welfare, and I have often been admonished to seek that letter just yet I have neglected it until the present time, and I feel sure that we can both of us rejoice together now. Cannot we now find a new theme for our letters to each other? I feel that we shall be married very soon, and that though not permitted to dwell together here we can look forward to that blessed time when we shall meet never to part. Do you not love to think of that time when and that land, Jane, where placing & dying are unknown? I was baptized a week ago last Saturday; would that you could have been here.

Melissa, at the first of the meetings manifested considerable interest, but she has turned back to the alluring things of this world, again Nancy Rivers, health is better this it I believe, indulging in hope. Widow Hughes is married to Mr. Liddon of Buckland, and his Rev. lives in his cottage. Have you heard from Henry recently? I received a paper from her sometime ago with her message in it. The Albert Potters people moved down into your house several weeks ago. Susan is at Welbeck still, this winter, at
school. I have not been in school since last November, but shall commence in three weeks again. Mr. A. Pratt is our Principal at Byron, but has taken a period leave of all at a Teacher. We miss him & Miss Byron too very much. To write you soon a good long letter Jane. Give my kind regards to your mother and accept a great deal of love.

from your old friend,

Francesia, Emily.
PAID 5

Miss Jane Crafts,
Hartford, Conn.
1850, Feb. 7

Rapine, my own sister, is a word inadequate to express all I felt when I saw once more your own dear hand writing—Oh, I do thank you for writing me such a long letter—and my heart was glad to know that you was better—but it, do not say that "all hope of your recovery is gone—" I cannot bear to think that it is so.

I too, your suffering—my arm has commenced gathering again—and for
The last few days has been intensely painful — We are doing all that can be done, in hopes to scatter it, as we did the last — but I fear that it will have to have its way this time. It is painful for me to write — but I thought you would think strongly of it if you did not hear from me after writing me such a long letter — Virginia has been again brought to the gates of death.
by a premature confinement
Her baby lived four days - in spasms all the while - it weighed one pound and a half, blanket and all.
She is now improving slowly - when I get well I will tell you more.
Remember me to your dear mother -

Pam - sweetly, soon as ever

Your own sister
Julia
Milwaukee, March 1, 1852

My Dear Mother and Sister,

This is the first cold day we have had for weeks. It froze some last night & the wind blows like March already, the snow stirs & it thrives. It has been warm as May all through February — the ice in the river & lakes, that runs from here to Chicago & the Buffalo on the Canadian side of the Lakes, connecting with the rail road running to Detroit — & Boats also run from Detroit to Buffalo. But the ice up north at Braddock is probably not broken up yet, so it may navigation will continue be open around the lakes from here to Buffalo by the first of April, I probably come. That will be the best way for you to come because you will be quiet without any care of baggage from the time of leaving Buffalo till you reach Milwaukee. Do you wish me to come after you? Mary says she can't spare one to go — it is too long common for ladies to travel alone. Arrangements are made to go through from Albany to Buffalo in 12 hours, face $6. It will take some five or possibly six hours to go from Hartford to Albany. Say in all, 18 hours to reach Buffalo from Hartford. If possible my business may bring me East about the time you will be ready to come. I would advise you to come as soon as it is warm enough to make it comfortable travelship for home. If you think it best for me to come after you, I will do so, or I have to come on purpose. But it seems to me hardly necessary.

Mary has written you in the evening of her arrival of distance, you will make all these allowances. She is our happy & you please alone is wanting to make his happiness perfect.
We both feel impatient to have you come so wish you were here now. I think we shall live happily. I see no reason why we should not. I will try to make you happy I feel that you are at home.

No. We have just been & had our picture taken to get them on one plate. You can scarcely imagine the contrast between Miss's picture taken new & one taken three months ago. She looks much pleasanter, fatter, & saner than when she came to live with us. The one is the picture of a sick woman, the other of contentment, light-heartedness & happiness.

And may you be happy. I never saw one happier. The town has cemeteries in public by the roadside. He said that had a fire organization was quietly organized had great perfection of character he really can see a woman man perfect he must be deeply attached to her husband could not be blamed. I should have little self-esteem, considerable love of affection, some people thought she was proud but she was not. For the thought too little of herself too husband could not help him at all. He made her just what she planned. Her constitution large, self-esteem large, hope small. I think he was want of hope & self-esteem. Some organs must be cultivated strengths - spiritually large which enabled her to see things about to happen to think things out. Her husband would be sure to prosper if he took her advice for the next previous him of danger. I think you would rarely fail to advise him right. Be. Then. But I just to state that he gave him large confidence faith, readiness & benevolence. That will do. He said she could draw a sign of a red large language.

Beautiful Weather again. You would not have known winter had you been here this winter. Well. Miss. P. B. W. Booth.
My dear Mr. Suffering, dear doctor, dear physician, I am still weak and my eye is very still so that I am unable to help myself — but the suffering is over. It was not very particular, it’s true, but it relieved me and I was desired. The last week seemed to me an age — as such a swift flight of time! — at the morning I wished for you the cure, and of course I wished for the morning — and then you, with the knife in the perspective, you may imagine my feelings. The knife was the largest and most, I have had yet. Dr. Acton came up last Saturday morning and pinned it, although cold steel is a severe remedy; it is certainly the best one. I was very much excited and vexatious by the pain I had to bear. I was unable to have my toilet doing well, but I did as much as I could with all your sufferings — I pray you may be delivered from the knife. Let enough. This is the next day that I have been able to hold a pen and write. I am very, very much for your kindness in writing to me. I have read your last letter over and over again, until I nearly knew them by heart. The picture from the horse you gave was very beautiful, I have seen it before — but it is now recorded upon the tablet. I shall never forget it. Thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you, thank you. I received this morning a letter. I am really in absolute delight, then either I read your letters, or I never saw...
Oh, long the broken line
Upon his course!
The Pleiades' glowing fire,
Is quenched in gloom;
The gloom and the light
Both from the realms of light,
To earth I have taken flight
And spirits roam!

Whose soul was lose
Now does ev'ry man is not that a perfect gem? — I think so. I never tell you how glad I am to know that you are getting better. I will wish you luck.
When the spring begins, my mind tells me, perhaps I shall begin to be able to enjoy the comforts which I have. But the time is not yet.

Do you tell me that you are going to New York so soon? I wish you could stay here. I shall write you as soon as I go. I hope you are well and in good health. Let us all do our duty, and do our work, and we shall be happy to see you. And if you are able to ride, you are going to New York? I am glad that you are doing what you can for them. I hope you will be able to have it taken care of. I shall be at that point in my own wisdom, and you can do what you like.

I must go that I read. Much love.

P.S. — I must write to you. I must see you. I must have that love all about you. I can talk to him with the utmost confidence. To the life, the love, all about you. I can talk to him with the utmost confidence.
of them, facing the warm south, and the season has been so very mild, that they have been blooming all the while. The language they speak is "Tender and pleasant thought, pretty and expressive - is it not?" For thought is changeable ever, a live mood for every hue the gay things wear, in their bright velvet coats." - Truly flowers, the "poetry" of the earth - "BRIGHT missiles, by angelic throughs, in every eye may rest - how were the earth of glory shown, were it of flowers bright?" They speak not of man - they are truly "God-made" and they will accomplish their sweet mission, if our hearts are raised to adore Him who has among the thorns - stream our pathway with many blessings, Julia.
Flowers are loved finest language; they betray
Like the divining rods of magic old,
Where princely wealth lies buried; not of gold,
But love, strong love, that never can decay!
Send thee flowers, oh! dearest! and I deem
That from their petals thou wilt hear sweet songs
Whose music clearer than the voice of birds,
When breathed to thee alone, perchance, may seem
All eloquent of feelings unexpressed.
Two or three flowers, dearest
Sister which I picked out in the
garden a little while ago — these
little Pansies have been blooming
all winter long — I have a hot
Newark, Wednesday the 13th March 1842.

"I am lonely—very lonely."

Morning in the evening, of yore times and seasons
Which can never come again.

I have been sitting alone at the parlor window
For the last two hours, dear sister, and it
Cannot tell you all the sad thoughts which
Passed through my wandering mind. When I
Sat down there, it was yet broad daylight and I
Deepened into night with the darkness which
We so fondly think of as our old familiar guest.
Do you not, like each one, to listen to the tremendous patter of
The raindrops and to give the rein to the
Twilight and the dawn while I
Do not know why it is—last but I am always thoughtful on a
raining day. What a mystery is thought? In the
Two books just past, I have lived over long years. I
Have met with joy of my own days and looked upon life as
An occasion of the affright and the estrangement which
Time and circumstances have estranged and
Thoughts of me were beaming upon them the light of
Love they now coldly turned away.

And I, dearest, I thought of you—dearest, if it
Were possible that those dear eyes of yours—could
Look coldly upon me—no, I cannot believe it.
But yet such thoughts will rise, when I think of the
True ones of the past and then of their altered love.

Yet, dearest. I do not doubt your pure love indeed.
In the glass that fate had cast—so clear and
Clean that when my spirit was weary, I might see
The class of your looking eyes, and sitting up
June, I believe it filled not you the stuff
Of God's grace. Then I should settle down to
Be good hearted and unhurt, believing
It is to point which
The tempter well knows is a weak one in my spirit
I often take advantage of it, and dealing
Like my Sinner, let it be said is so peaceful while
I am continually on the rack. Trust always a letter
In the waste papers or in your mind's view. The
Write to me.
dear dear Miss -- It is a sweet relief and you are
the only one who can sympathize with me in my sad
emotions not that I think that in this respect you
are like me, you are to have a gentle nature but
yet you seem to enter into my feelings and understand
them better than any one else. It is my decline if you
were only well of the eyes of health was one that pale
check to yours, on the To light in your eye but I will not
speak of it. As through suffering we are made stout and
soul will not be a great while we are this earth and
in distress, these seem setting for us through Christ
"you overcome evildoers and eternal weight I say"
I think if you do sincerely at times, very often, that it
keeps us as if I were almost with you in spirit do you
know dearest that my Brother has almost made
incredible of the doctrine of spirits and if to me a very beautiful one of
which experience teaches me is ask for from in the
But is a prime believer in all Quaker lavishes and
and buy of any argument he has well nigh to her
me the truth. Some of the theories of this strange
writer is that a spirit on earth may feel to him for
and account for the mind's feelings all
some in relating to the soul with those spirits
It would seem to attract us from
I think that our case is an apt illustration of this doctrine
and I may be or feel too I do not know how you
will but I do at your place at the least the
first sight of your arrival at the tea table the
only let me take in and when I knew you was alone
next day. I read the newspapers on one evening and
laying in my lap a paper at least I could not resist I went
step by step I am thinking that you said that the
spiritual must at all times surround yourself and me not
only once and through its own but even for
I believe it was the case with Mr. Acton - the first time
I saw him I was drawn with Mr. Acton - the first time
from me there was the least of friends it never went
to me as if he was a stranger but I was almost heartily
as to believe that I have met him before in my spirit kindred
eyes before I met him in person I wish you a sound
Perhaps next Peter a smile is peculiar in the other
But this is the most profound world is not it. The
trick of the world is not it. The words are not
In all this is such a child like Christ. He has the word
out public idea of the character of the don't think he
ought any one expects he says he will attempt to explain any
from Adam. Is the last a love by the story of his making. He made him, and to see the hand of pictures which are part of the holy tombs. He believes that there was something in Jesus' age which held his whole story could hold. Something he believes to be beyond the power of pencil to portray even if the facts were a lie. I hope to be able to take a lift upon which I travel. I am secretly I hope you will be able to return for Saturday to cancel. There last five weeks, and I will be quite I hope to sit in the cool air and study,

and then until tells me wild legends of Germany. I open to me the page of the letter of Adidas' German house, with my heart on consoling memories of society. There is something distinctly exciting in beauties of German literature. And that he tells me passages of his own early life of his peaceful struggles with poverty cruelly tormenting German poverty in his wild devotion. And he tells me of the glorious works of art in the old world and gives me glowing descriptions of European scenery and marvelous lodestones. Do you understand that I am fascinated, and all this in a low musical voice—a voice which is the more endearing, the loiter and the theme. I shall be very glad at the time when I am to be able to go to the dean church to listen. This is a holy season and I always go to the town and I have led such a life that there is no occasion to feel that any occasion is over. I will not go out tomorrow and much to spend it as if I knew it was not last. Our dear Rev. Mr. is very bitter that he is not able to preach sometimes because he never will preach again. I am at once surprised and delightfully so from her dear job. She has asked me to do the music. I am so long with you I go to the other one. That glorious gift of chaperon how perfectly it brings home a neglected off to the heart. Then I think the church is the highest in the world. That is how it is. The church is the greatest in the world. I am surprised and words. I think of your kindness in every spirit. This is to be a great event. Do you not think so? I try to see in the other. I am often a long absence.
when you could account for the gloom. Th, know then
that I am at your side.

You told me in one of your letters of a sweet
little friend, whom I have longed to see, and desh, long ago, to your bedside, just a day or two after you
written me. Now the love of life is gone—what a comfort to me. If he only knew how much I love you. I love him to love you—I love her too. It is
my heart to love her very much, simply, because she
is so kind and gentle to you. Will you give her a heart
full for me, Jane, and tell her the smallest thing to love you as
well as I do. What is it that I like most of all?

Pardon me, you told me if less than we
were together at New York — I pity her very much, indeed. I
have often thought of her and have intended to make you
concerned too. But when I sit down to write to you it
seems as if my thoughts ran wilder and when the letter
is signed and sealed I always find that I have not
written anything that I intended to. But Jane, has not
in a moment, splendid as mine, I should not feel it myself
as they used to stop, as the last one, and if the truth is con-
more. If proper spirit and feeling in appeal to time, would
soon seize her. If some of her tender expressions, why
know there are many dispositions that would prefer to
suffer on, to take my and my wife might it would not
be me, who would allow a step aside for no good reason
or break off my intercourse with those I loved.

Did you get my last letter some time before it
reached you. They were so very beautiful when I put them in the
letter. We have had very cold weather since then, made this
follow, have from this, how all people, I feel that thing
is the thing, perfect in its beauty, is not so true and under
not helping me thinking when I looked upon the poor flowers which have
lost the day before been broken. A little flower I care for you
and tear them with ease and I blackened by the poet
the thought of it is to humanity. One might have said of what
plunged those flowers. "Why do you plant them if they will
by either why not let them be, where they will continue to
grow and flourish in the warm sun shines?" But the beauty
of the cherry in the shade came to me, and I think
Sar, as my watch God takes away from earth a friend, might
you think. Why not do the thing of my heart to turn away
and it is not the doing of my heart to turn away
and the bright glowing state of youth surely God
might have spared our loved also a little longer. But then
we look around and see the charming care. The mental anguish
with the physical suffering which falls to the lot of every mortal when
what are the words of sorrow burst out knew well with confident words
out our hearts are tossed with the violence of the tempest then
we can see that God has taken our flower, just in time to
save it from the harm — and then we had ought to lift up on
hearts and be thankful. I have felt the realization all this may done. I have seen how my loved ones have taken from the east to come, and I have been thankful although my heart for them makes me say. I think better that this habit of stirring instinct from such little occurrences and bringing them home to the heart is an every good one, and "build profit to the soul." It is a habit which I mean to strive in future to cultivate. In my reading, during my sickness, I came across the following: "Hymn to the thinkers." I think it remarkably beautiful—enjoy it with me, James.

"O yonder stars! That fix your eyes with ease, to twinkle from rainbows, galaxies of earth's creation, and dewdrops on their holy altar sprinkles as a libation."

Be cautious, worshippers! who tending lovely, Before the resurrection, God's little eye throw from your choicest a sweet and holy flavor on high.

Ye bright Messiahs! That with storied beauty, The floors of Nature's temple illustrative, With numerous emblems of instinctive duty, Your forms create.

"Moral: choose each flower, fall that swings, But eleven on the passing, makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever singeth, "Pray, let prayer.""

Not to the dome where rumbling arch and column attest the pebbles of its marble hand, But to that fame, most cast alive and solemn, "Whose God first planned."

To that cathedral found your own wonder, Where grand life laughs the sun and moon supply; Its choir the winds and waves—its organ thundering.

To come the day, Then in solitude and shade I wander, Through the green isles or strewed with snow upon the sea, Sweat of the silliers, currently ponder.

The ways of God.

Your voice lift lips. Ofttimes, our living preachers, Each upon a pulpit, and each leaf of book, Supplying to my fancy numerous Teachers from countless books.


Floral apostles! That in thy splendor, "Weep without woe, and blush without a crime."

O may I deeply learn, and never surrender Your love sublime!
"Then was not, Johnson, in all thy glory, Antron. "The Lily cry in silent smiles, "Proclaim, thy grace change! oh, how transitory! All human flowers!"
In the sweet scented picture, be seen Artist! Well which thou paintst nature's widespread boughs? What a delightful picture! How important. Of love to all!
To as much every hour! Though made for pleasure, Blooming on fields and groves by day and night. From every corner, your daisies rise like the treasures, truly delights.
Eternal songs! what emotions convey, For each a world of thought could furnish scope, Each lifting subtly a moment more. I seek to rise hope.
Past human glories! angel like collection! Praise from seed in full interest in earth, The tree is more a type of resurrection, A second birth.
Wen I H. God! in church life lands remaining. To from all wise I teachers or divines, My soul would join in flowers of Thy exclaiming Priest, sermons, shrines! Now Time in a
all the joyous realm of ease can then be anything more beautiful than that? I do admire it all much, The fourth verse especially, I know not from whose pen it is, But I know one thing whosoever the person was, who wrote it, there is no mistake as to their being on this post. Flowers are beautiful things and never inappropriate. We scatter them round the post at both times; we bring them to bring and pure to deck the Bride, and we let them with a holy feeling upon the Bee, one bring them as a lonely offering to our friends in all the day of health. But they are not the love acceptable to the invalid. We plant them to glad the one eyes in life and bring them To bloom above the grave in death. Speaking of flowers on graves, put me in mind of another scene - shall I dearest - how you will and another uprising? It is some lines written at "Greenwood" by
"Wm. Wallace

"I wander and think
Among those walks lined by the frequent tombs; For it is very wonderful. Upon
The popular city life its tall bright spires, And know bays sail are glistening on the bay, As if in amusement but the all sleep. This sleep, these calm pale people of the Past
Spring plants her very foot in the dim homes. They sleep! Sweet summer comes, and calls, and calls With all her passionate poetry of flowers"
Wish to the music of the soft south winds —
they sleep! The lovely Arkansas girls and boys,
between the cold white houses, as if for love.

Would teach — they sleep!— wild winter comes and chants:

majestical, the mossy Fords, learned,
for on in the melancholy month, where God
walks forth alone upon the desolate strand
— they climb but still! Sleep on, oh, passionately dead!
Oh, make our world sublime! Be love — power
and majesty! God's living terror! (Beautiful!)
Beautiful! — without, my dear? — how should I like
to come with you among those sylvan scenes? — at those
"Greenwoods" haunts are sadly solemn — yet they are passing
lonely.

I promised when I was able, that I would tell you
more about Virginia's Holy (or, is that sound queer?)
well, as I told you before, it was the longest time that
ever lived — and very beautiful — it looked just like its
future — a beautiful blue eye, and his features exactly
like you remember same, the map figure. If the Menomini
house, that is made in the wood, and in the corner of the
back porch. It was just the size of that — why only its head
was naturally larger, its head and the size of the body
than its head! Oh! if only we could have seen
though they sent for me immediately — it was impossible
for me to go before the rest of the week — and the little
darling had gone before I got there. So, they were all so
long I think says — it was like — for darling —
Dora and Chief and Archie got a little coffin 14 inches long on
and that with its initials. In you must know that its name:
looked like a little wagon wheel after it was laid in the
the hearse went down to Greenwood with it and put it in
spring, and home its funeral. Mrs. Grieve's life was Siberian
der time to that it is all over and she is well now.
With the physician says that if she had been just time
vital, which would have been for months more nothing
as dead as her life. The lady lives from day to day
half — Diana has now one angel. I know what
for, where I made May's sweet lines about the "little spirits".
"And another little spirit of your kindred thing" and I thought that
the dead ought to be thankful to take that her own life
up and that she had given — because one

angel, more. Oh, I am, if my sweet charm was only a Christian, I have taken upon myself all the world for this life. Twice with the last year have the gates of death been opened to receive the soul, that the world taken warning and preparing for future preparation. But there is a Christ, successfully creating one that needs a story then what a attributable would the first Christian be if she would only tell it. I would give her the beauty.

And to sum that she may give that love to the caring, I might say, after the fleeting things I the world, unless, you soon again to think the losing check, I trust how I will be provided and brought to the house you heard from, but get you from the fleeting for a letter from twice and it had not come. I had not seen him in New York for a day but I think that he is well because the last I heard from Brooklyn which was a week ago. And in takes in the time every day at "Pendine's."

And Mary's letter for which you seem to impatiently awaited yet? I hope still to see her well, that is forgot James to take me more of the pretty old pris, so my highly, do you really think she will go to the West? It's hard to think of why anyone might stand such a long journey — I think that Oddland is a much better place for you than Milwaukee, and I think it it is your duty to stay in this part of the world — if Mary wants to see you it will be just as I think a little help for herself and husband to come once in ten months and see you. Tell Mary that I can not let you come, that it is not your duty to go and leave me — if you do go, I shall never see you again and I feel sad that that thought makes me. How have I not redeemed my promises if writing you a long letter? I think I have — I have had to risk a great many times last I have finally come across. If I was writing my will? — the wonders that I find to write what? If I wonder if it should ever get open out in writing to you? I should believe I should give my best love to your dear mother and to now when you write to her tell her she has promised to love me, but I shall think it all a futility if she does not write to me soon. New plant all good angels and that by the time the visitor makes it that you will be restored to comparative health — I was ever so loving this letter.
March 10th, 1858

Dear Mr. Lin:—

I find you were probably at post marked letter this morning. They failed to learn that you are making arrangements to come early. It is well to take time by the postmark, so I will tell you what I understand when you arrive with you, and the reservation of baggage. Such things as you must be told you have left in the baggage. I wish I knew then to advise you what to sell so what to keep, but you can judge remembering it will cost about $100 for 400 lbs. weight for transport. It is well to lay over the weight of the box. When the box is sent I will write you again, and give you definite directions how to mail the box. It is to where I will mail the box. I wrote you in my last, and I have written the letters which you do not care, and there you write—

If it is essential I will come after you, but it seems to me that such are the facilities for travelling that you will find no inconvenience in coming alone. You would take the noon train at Newfined, and Springfield, which leaves at 10 minutes past 11 O'clock. At this hour you would be on the train by the time you reach the Port and Buffalo. The night train at 7 P.M. Express train to Buffalo through in 14 hours. The train at Buffalo at 9 o'clock the next morning, a train from the cars to the boat which will be at 9 o'clock. The train will then leave at 9 o'clock. The train will then leave at 9 o'clock. You will then have no one to speak till you reach a Million, make, when you will be sure to find me. If I will meet you at Buffalo, but I will write you what time to leave Buffalo, and what train to take at Buffalo. I will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo, and see what time to take it. If you will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo, I will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo. I will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo. I will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo. I will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo. I will speak to the Manager of the Buffalo.
of his getting his pay from those who owe him it is quite wonderful, if I shall be able to come for that purpose. And if Maria comes, you will not need me. I will have it for you to say whether Maria shall come or not, if the chorus to come at our offer. Most of the time since I have been in Lumberland I have lost 5 or 6 cents a week to help a little to the first part I ever had asked no more, but there is a strong suspicion to put money. We have lost five girls by lost motion in our place. If she chooses to come in we will give her a dollar a week to complete the best help for her — to give her a home as long as she chooses to stay, so she does not like us she can get another place. I am aware whether she is a good girl or not. We shall have a small family. We have some last join; a perhaps Dunbar will send the while after you come. Our house is very convenient for doing work the water all in the kitchen & the piano, cellar, & workroom, bed, & the dining room on the same floor with kitchen. You must write to Maria & express her if you think it best for her to come. If she is a good faithful girl, it will be a good plan to bring her if she will come. I want permanent help.

I am glad that Jane is getting better. I hope she will be able to start at least by the middle of April. I think it quite probable no rain from the frost will theOpera the 15th of April, but that will depend on the kind of weather we have this month. The 22nd of April is the usual time for the opening of canal navigation. If we take a week or less to get your things around to Albany from Nalet, I sleep, & there is always a crowd of boats at the opening, so that the river can you them to Albany the same. They will come through. If they get there late they may have to wait a week or two days to they can be sent along. I wish you were here now. If I am not here now the Winter, the would not have thought it was winter. Summer is not even, most of the time there has not been snow on the ground. When in the middle of February

Maria is quite well. She writes very rarely. When I tell her to write to me they are not satisfied to write. She attend very principally I tell her that when you come you will not allow her to sit in my lap, at the table, she will not. I expect you will not know what to do as you are ready to start Summer as soon as we get this.
Milwaukee, March 13, 1850

My dear brother,

I have been to the preceding house to try
to get the directions for mailing the tires—viz.
Y. W. Booth.
Milwaukee. ) By Steam.
Care Williams & Co.

The above are all the directions necessary to be marked
on the boxes. They must be shipped by the—
Dezal & Michigan Lake Boat Line.

Who the agent is at Hartford, I am willing to
not know, but say you can find out. Be sure to
ask the right one, for almost all agents will see
they can send them. The agents in New York are
Wheeler, Tracy & Co. At Albany, McEisock.

Here you had better connect the sales in regard to the
matter. If there is no agent at Hartford, of the dezal
& Michigan Lake Boat Line, you will then have
to send to New York to Wheeler, Tracy & Co. You should
make a bargain as to the price per 100 lbs. through to
Milwaukee. It should not cost over $1.60 a 100 lbs.
from Hartford. My cousin paid but 92 cts. from New York.
Do as you choose about giving them insured to Albany, the
Canal line is responsible for the transmission to Buffalo.
I will give them insured from Buffalo here at the usual cost. Please write me as to what the cost was of what you send.
I always prefer to get your mind, although the risk of losing them is small. Take a receipt for any thing you send of this sort to Capt. B. Bate, Esq. It may be best to send them to New York by steamboat, as you can ascertain. Send them by the cheapest mode possible. It is safe, as you will not need them or at least you can get along without them for a short time. We can take care of you. I am, I hope, sure you are likely they will get him first. You'll hope not. The boats were ordered to come into the city this week starting from Detroit last week. It is warm as summer and expect showers today. I've been very warm. I presume you could come shoot this week, but make you visit first.

May say, leave Caralla loose the string of the piano before leaving it. Otherwise they will break. Request Caralla to do it. She says by respect to the lady's daughter. I wish you could see her this evening. She is happy and looks better now. She has just up her legs to run a dozen times for a kiss while I have been writing this. I wish you were here. I am quite well and an in bed. I am sure you. Be glad you are happy, and am assured of a hearty welcome when you arrive here.
Dear,

Behave and pay visits at Belleville and take my letter and was too tired to write last night. How is my dear sister? I was so glad to hear that you had been able to get out of an hour. I do earnestly hope that the taking air of summer will strengthen and invigorate you. I received both of your letters and thank you very much for them. The poetry which you sent me in the first was very fine. I have turned them into a music note which is to me the most valuable and a life of prayer and meditation so I that I feel free of city when every thirst of the Spirit for "The Beautiful" will be more than satisfied. I do not think I love a man whom you enclosed in the last your which I have long known and loved but I think it is a mere emotion which is to me the most valuable of all. To be sure, when you are declining, was to be truly sick and when I trembled I like the best of each letter from St. Louis, fearing that it would tell me that you had fallen asleep. I often repel it to myself as I go in the stillness of the night when I close my eyes they close your eyes and I think of you. Your sweet stars, they seem to move down to the horizon and it almost seems to me as that I am a familiar face and departure. But I digress. I was going to tell you that committed verses,

"Now when comes the lads of even,
When the sun comes down in heaven,
Gather round, a-humble to heaven,
Gather round to heaven and be free!

Leaving sighs which tell their story,
But I digress, it is nothing to me.

Yes it is mine, it is mine, it is mine,
It is mine, it is mine.

"When my lover fades alone me,
I must think that there will be one thing more in heaven to love me,

"When my lover fades alone me,
I must think that there will be one thing more in heaven to love me, even men!" and in my heart I blessed.
the words "Who is he that receives a heart whose heart received is in his heart?"

I send you, my dear, some thing which I have always considered will interest you and enter into your heart. These "Sketches of Sunny Morning" have been preserved for years and have been altered, altered, altered, altered, and the idea only remains to indicate I do not think that the English translation in which some of the more beautiful will be found, but that the English has been so altered. I have been thinking I could not quote them for I have never regarded them as one of my cherished treasures. This darling, I know you will believe me when you tell you that it gives me a keen pleasure to know that your keen eye will scan the lines upon which none have been written, that your soul will thrill with delight the meanwhile, and that you will preserve them, and love them, not only because they are beautiful, but because I liked and cherished them so long. Do you love the dear little blonde? She is a perfect beauty. Do you love her and I am going to paint an ideal portrait of her? I think I can imagine just how she looks - I shall have to commence a new piece next week as I shall complete the one upon which I am now working in one more chapter, and I think I can paint this one as well. At my sister, I believe that I should be an Artist. Yet the idea of being an Artist I should - Oh! it has been the wildest and most glorious dream of my life, but one which I never expected to realize. I have made efforts of effort, but in vain; I feel that within my heart I could accomplish nothing, and then my heart is so unsatisfied.

Oh! I have been one of those people to give those spiritual visions of life which like a sorrowing child of me turned and wept that I had not an Artist's heaven taught hands. That I might turn the trembling lives of light on the smooth, white, whose original is hung in my heart's gallery. But now I have found the master for whom my soul longed, and I now believe that my own hand has wrought the beauty which
I am writing this letter to express my thoughts and feelings. I am often lost in my own world, even to the point where I don't think too much about the future. I speak to you as I would to myself in my imagination. I see my first love as the most important person in my life. When I look back, I can see the joy and happiness that I felt with her. Even now, I wonder if I will ever find someone who understands me as well as she did.

I have often thought about how things could have been different. How our paths could have crossed at a different time. But I know that fate has a way of working things out. I have come to accept that even if things didn't turn out the way I had hoped, I still have a lot to be grateful for.

You asked me about your father's health. I am pleased to hear that he is doing well. I have not had the chance to see him in person, but I know that he is in good hands. I also wanted to mention that I have been thinking about you lately. You always have a special place in my heart.

I hope this letter finds you well. Please write soon and let me know how things are going for you. I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
I think my destiny shall lie within our hearts, our love being the only firm foundation upon which we can build our hopes and dreams. Let us cherish this love, and never let doubts or fears come between us. I trust your love and confidence in me. What a sweet and loving letter this has been. I listened to two eloquent sermons from the pulpit, and the theme from "Christ's eyes can see my heart and thy law." I saw dear Dr. Scott recovering slowly, so that during the Lenten season he was able to attend in the services. What a solemn and solemn week; this is a time which we have just entered. It is a time when the faithful and upright, all those who are loved and cherished, can feel assured that their lives are blessed with divine grace. The atmosphere is filled with the scent of fresh-baked bread and the aroma of flowers. It is a season of hope and renewal, of new beginnings. At this time, my heart bleeds for the poor and the sick, for those who are suffering and enduring. As an old to the old, and the weak to the strong, I pray that God will bless and guide us through this time of trial. And let us not forget that our sins are forgiven to the great extent.
go West? — You say dearest that you will see me —
Oh I thank you — my heart trembles at the thought
You shall have my picture — and I shall expect
years. Archie sails for Europe on the 8th of April
be gone three or four months — only think, if —
I turn to write to lname yet no I must say God
Page once more — hoping that you continue to
improve — my best love to "Esther" — I have a friend
Clara once I to she is lost to me now — your Clara will
perhaps supply her place
Yours in truth and sincerely
love, forever — Julia
My dear Lane,

My oh the world don't unde these words to me. I don't think this a ran child woman. Your Mr. Hogg, poems I reced yesterdays. The book Helen March one is present of them. They have foe your birth day present - as you count to come and get them. The book is the size of Mr. Cook Christina Ballads.

It is all love to be a bit of religion - there is a verse -

In the days when I was young

Can't the wheels of makeup roll

Than dark shadows ever met

When my spirit was as light

As my own green mountain air

And my steps were all as strong

As the sunbeams shining there

Oh, Lord it was there I fell

Tell in debt, and so would you

Huron men can truly belle

The first from in dead stum, published, further - please a good many pictures in the book.

We went on and lost

The meals as one, and brought the hot one on a crust, I don't think of ever being hungry - I wash myself all over twice a day. I am generally pretty clean - I am just as

When I enter says she known and my face so fail - I read a letter to her great friend Bernard - He says the wind is a gumball that she loves this and don't care -

George Preston feels very sure - He this just been to Milwaukee and was most pleased for Pennsylvania.

A most disturbed a temperance meeting the other night when Mr. Booth spoke and they were going to meet this of his course after the meeting. It was found out Wednesday next to anyone I give hundred men accompanied as theme at twelve o'clock and to the moat dare not come - One man remained here all might armed - you will send of it in the paper - the bluses are obliged to close the meeting on account of the mob. It was dangerous to remain -

I made them to church this day there is no service at the Episcopal church in the afternoon - The Catholic church in the only local splendid preacher in the city - The best that I heard are tame and spiritless.

Is Maria coming? We have a Dutch girl who has always been very good friend of ours - But she does not know she want much and if
He wants any thing to eat that we have not baked—she got it herself without asking—I have talked to her, and I guess she will do better.—Last night we attended a large party. There were two hundred paintings there—the best by German artists. If you had been there you would have gone to Alyx thus got a present for you—

I can't write any more.

Mr. Basta sends love.

Very affectionate.
Dear Jane,

I trust this will find you in very good health & spirits without everlasting back ache.

If you go to Milwaukee this spring, I think you will be as well if not better than you would be in Hartford, I have been enjoying good health & spirits this winter. I have not heard from the west in a very long time & I do not know as I care to, I have not been in New York in a long time as I have been at Newark. I believe her health is not very good this winter, Mrs B is very well, Mr B is going to Europe in
the first of April, I shall probably be in California in June sometime. I hope, I have been very busy this winter. I have had to work very hard, but it will soon be over. I am living in M.Y., a Junction Hotel.

I have enjoyed myself first-rate this winter, if I do not see you in this spring. I shall in June in the summer, I either way it will be pleasant for me. Bob is Boeing with me. He sends his love to you.

I suppose that class Bozian is with you at this time or left before this. I hope she is in good health. I have enjoyed her visit to you much. Give her love to her.

Yours affectionately, [Signature]
My Dear Jane

I was quite delighted to hear from you. I did not think that you would go to S— but there you are. I hope you will be better and keep a doing so. I have been very well this winter and enjoyed myself very well. I am rooming with one this winter and wishes to be conected to you, I should be happy to visit you this winter but have no time that "Almighty Dollar" takes up all of my time, I have been very busy this spring, I believe that the older I get, the more work I have to do, I am going to this
this summer if I can get time enough, as mean to spend some two months, no more at present write me when you have time yours affe
Byron
My own sister— I received your letter from Sophus, and was very glad to hear from you. I felt that you must have written that day after my letter and no letter came from the East. You said I thought that there could be no other cause for your silence.

I am very glad that you are in Sophus's— you seem so much better. I hope that the place will be the new life and strength into your feeble frame.

And to you, so young in the West, we have left New York. I don't know whether it will be good or bad. I left you in New York, and that is why I shall see you there. I suppose that I had ought to rejoice for you— that you will be contented. May that standing gift of yours— yes, since I believe you will be happy with it, and although my heart is sad when I think how many more leagues will stretch themselves between us, yet for you it will rejoice. How long will you stay in New York?

Oh, my sister— if the thought of one day near an East meeting tab to pass, can I so fill the soul with the captain's, that all that had ought to be the feelings when we contemplate that blessed meeting in the New Jerusalem? There we shall much to join.

There shall come and not to mingle our tears, and to receive each other in our cases. The mortal tended to join our voices in one sweet anthem of victory— To smile the Sabbath, which eludes around the sphere, charming glad possession, to him who hath redeemed us with his own blood, and bought us the citizenship of that glorious city. Praise the Lord! The angel was sometimes come, and said: 'The world will tremble— what a man not attempt to show? What I doubt, God's mercy his though and willings to do, but oh, my soul is full, and so are we, and

which we with Christ again to the fleshly to Egypt, while the stream of living water is flowing from the Rock at my side, and all around me, I call the 'Marina,' which a living stream hath surrounded. In my letter, I wrote with perfect arrangement, at my present...
compunction, and my oft repeated sinfulness. I can only adopt the words of the word, "God be merciful to me a sinner," and "Lord, have mercy on me." I often go before you, and pray to God to avert temptation. I would most gladly bow down in peace and rest until the morning of the resurrection, while my spirit was resting from its weariness with the Labours of the world. In Paradise, yet if the Lord's will, I should prefer to fight the good fight. If I could only live, and the death of Christ come off sooner than congress. Oh, all these fights crown to the glory of those who fight and conquer! Yet, my dearest, if Heaven is glorious yet even then how starry is not the hour, and enduring all these fightings, and yours within, to attain (in all humility and reverence) the light. I mean a higher step on Jehovah's throne of infinite majesty. Yet while I fight, I fear and tremble. If I know that the "army of the Lord is invincible," yet I too often leave a part of it in the army, thus leaving exposed the most vital part, perhaps. Oh, for me then, my own son, that I may be enabled to "call upon the name of the Lord," and put on the "Armament of the Lord." I knew God in His love and I pray not that there shouldn't take them out of the world, but that they should help them from the evil.

Some, how some sweet, simple little Allegories have been published lately by our Sunday School Union, have you seen them? — They are all by the same author — I believe his name is Adams. He is a clergyman of the Church of England. There are three of them, "The Shadow of the Cross." "The Dark River," and "The First Army." That I like very much, I know that you would be pleased with them too. They were sent me, to read, while I was sick by a little friend of mine — a noble young fellow, about eight years of age. I sent to his mother for it. I walked about three and while she was looking for it, Tom brought his little book to hate, and asked her if she would give it to me. His mother thought that they were too childish to send to me, and remonstrated with them, but he was sure it was safe, that his cousin Paul (or 15, he always calls 15) would like them just as well as he did, and he would rather read them than going to school, any day. Oh, if God frees that boy — I trust he will be a helper to the Church and to the world.

When we were sleeve from that poor family, I told you about last fall I went to see his mother, and she told me that...
going to give me some half as much, all the rest of my money to get them back to their home. So my father called him to his side and giving him a little ball he told him to give it to Constance Julia in the name of poor little boy. He thought it to me, and I sent it down on my subscription list and I said: "Tom, shall I put your name down?" He said: "No; I don't think you must." I gave some one credit for it. I thought it was the result of his thoughts. The dear fellow! I kissed him a dozen times, and I looked with admiration upon the beautiful group around me. From five boys of which my little friend is the oldest, while one is a tender nursing child and the last—her fair-haired, gentle mother—and then round Father who looked on them all with eyes beaming with heartfelt love. As Father, she has said, with the Blessed Tree. As for me, and my house, we will nurse the Lord and the beautiful smile of one of Ed Stuart's little girls came to mine.

"It is not much the world can give, with all its subtle art, but old and young are not the things to test the heart!"

"But if there's who cluster round, the oh so sweet, whose gentle words and loving smile, how beautiful is earth!

I do not mean when I wrote to you so much about my little friend but you know that when writing to you my pen is guided by my heart and knows no restraint. I was going to tell you how much I enjoyed those little books, and how my thirst just was quenched by the living waters, which they freely supply, have you seen them Blandine? Do you have not try and get them, and start reading them think of me. Dear Blandine, how kind and all must be, note that you have left her. And much I should like to see them — I made a study, for my sweet love and showed it to my Master, she liked it very much, but advised me not to try to paint it yet until I had acquired more knowledge of the colours and their application, and would have them under more perfect control for the thought that as yet I would be unable to do it justice to my conception of the character. Of course, I shall write by this superior judgment.

I received a new piece yesterday. Oh, how beautiful the sunlight. To wish you could see it. It is a poem.
contemplating a God, for it is our Creator's design, and it is so beautiful and pure, and I felt so disappointed that I could not paint it. I set out at once in search of a subject with all my native enthusiasm. But my taste knows best. Of course I admire and reverence him more and more every day. The most perfect of created beings I do not know anything which is not on earth! Did you see his first effort at English verse, which has been handed me by my master? He wrote me yesterday his first effort at English verse, and it asked me to correct it. If you saw it, the subject was "The human eye." It was beautiful; that is my thought, but it was somewhat defective in language, which I tried to remedy for him, for which he thanked me so very cordially. Now I was not so happy when he had given me a copy of it. I have tried in vain, to remember it. The first verse which is the finest specimen of the whole poem that I could give you, I can remember. Here it is:

"A human eye! What glorious light,"

Is on earth's beautiful round, or in the heavens when

Any object so sublime,

Compared with the celestial light?

Ring of celestial light!"

The last two verses were quite fine, if I can even get hold of them, I will send you a copy.

When you write to Blanche give her my last love—I know that the best love is only—trust she would write to me—give her my address—will you, Jane, I think she would. I will go home, I hope, the next week, I have left in her heart, which I hope will be the long—Dear child she is doomed to another period of loneliness, and sailed last Wednesday for Liverpool, or the "Maiden

"Niagara"—I must stop now, for my cousin Sophie has just made her appearance and the song—lay down your pen, take to me, are you not ashamed to be so impatient?—if I cannot, I will write some more to you tomorrow. I told you in my last letter that I talked to you in the country. P. has not as yet been with us, but in the country. P. has not as yet been with us, but in the country. And intends offering to-morrow at our place a song—of it, he is absolutely certain. I shall be off in four days—-I will not sell for P. is not willing to learn the place, and it is the only thing that will guarantee his staying there. When the question is settled, then, I will write you more tomorrow.
Thursday Morning Sept. 10

I write to you on Sunday, and this letter has been left behind on account of our unsettled state. It is at last decided—we are to go to Madison. Oh, my June, the last eight or ten days have been "days of darkness." To me, indeed, they have deepened the lines upon my dear father's, already, care worn face—and my own heart and hand have been thrilling with anxiety. We have sold this place—lent it or great sacrifice but that is better for me, then to keep it and stay here. I enclose a piece of verse which I came across this morning before yesterday's storm. Everything around me and mine seemed very gloomy and dark—It came with a sweet consolation to my weary spirit—particularly the one verse:

"But darkness never yet was wholly dark,
The precious diamond dear comes down at night,
The cold, hard, pirit holds close the cheerful spark
That sleeps with its gladness around and light."

When I had read it over, I cannot tell you how much it was to me as an "angel's whisper" and when I came to look closely into it, it
The sun did not shine, the wind was light; and visited, that while
2000 God and Heaven remained, that
"darkness never..." could be "wholly dark.
The farm Apprentices are 1000
more as not very large - only
thirteen acres. The house is a very
small one, but the neat and new.
At the time we bought it, we thought
we could not live in it without
more room and calculated to
build quite an addition to it.
But since our property has sold
so much beneath its real value and
the price we expected to get
for it, we find that he cannot
live without considerable
- other - for which we had
say to an old builder - but we the
recommence him to wait a year
- for in a year it will just
finish the - it has a Parlor and
Kitchen.
outside.

I wish you could be at the summer chil
me in my cottage home and it will be delightful - I think
I can see us both out on the
front prairie. There is a beau-
tiful view from there - on the
left hand lies the village of
Newark and...
One thing at first made me quite unwilling to go there — there is one church, within 5 miles of the city of meeting houses, but I did not care for them — but that difficulty is removed; they are about building a church in Madison — $3,000 is already subscribed and the building will be completed this fall — we will have a clergyman of the church (Rev. Mr. Clarkston) for one next door neighbor. I am very glad that we are going, and am convinced that all of this will happen there. My brother is very anxious to move to Newark and get in the country.

When you write again, my sister, direct to Madison, Morris's Co., New Jersey for the next letter. will probably find me in my new home. I send you the best wishes you will ever receive from me.

There is one thing more, dear — I must have a name for our little cottage — will you not select one for me? It shall be a simple one, yet expressive and will direct your letter to it. I shall keep the name you select as long as I live in it at all events. I am, my dear Sister, yours in deepest affection.

Julia
My sister,

I wrote the following lines on Good Friday morning, after listening to Mr. Southard's eloquent discourse. Oh, June, I wish you could have heard it - I thought my heart would burst with emotion. I send you these lines, that you may have some idea of this subject - don't criticize them - will you?

"Commune with your own heart, and in your chamber, and be still. Cast thee to earth, all stubbornness of human will, and bending lowly in thy solitude, "Be still!"

It is a day of solemn gloom and grief
A day of tears!
Tears which will bring the sin sick soul relief
And calm its fears.
It is a day of dread, unmingled wrath!
A day of love!
A day of darkness - yet of glorious light!
We toil not with the Master now
His toils are o'er,
He's fighting the last fight, His holy law,
All bathed in gore!

'Twixt Heaven and Earth,
The Prince of Peace, Emmanuel, is he
Of another world?

The boon of the earth is bearing still
An awful throb,
All the wide heavens hath put sackcloth on
"Be still!"

Think darkness settled like a pall around
The shameful scene,
The voice of wrath in dreadful thunder sounds
The lightnings gleam!

The fearful tragedy is closing fast
Our Saviour's life
Oh, list that "sigh o'er, agonized" gasp
"Be still!"

"My God, my God, why leave me thus alone?
With dying breath—
Loud in the thunder calls—His almost o'er
This life will death!

Beneath the crop, O Christ, I kneel by hand
May the red tide
With which the mortal life is washing o'er
From thy dear side—
Cleanse me from sin's dark stain,
From evil same,
And give for me a glorious crown
Beyond the grave.

"This finished, each angelic host
With joy shall He shall!
With trembling awe, while Christ gilds up the
"Be still!"

Julian

Woodbridge, Ct. 1843

God's Kingdom

Oh! I wish dear June
That I could express my thoughts
in poetry, so many can. I have
beautiful thoughts—last when I
come to put them in the shape

Wright thoughts with folded wings up
sleeping.
Long to see they come in silent rest,
While years above them have been wasting
I long to wake them from their slumbers,
And scan their faces correctly,
And whisper forth in glowing numbers,
Their rare and glorious imagery!

"Spirit of Song! I come to stand—"

Among thy votaries, loved and lovely
I would not lay preparing hands,
Upon thy altars high and holy;
But with unskilled and trembling fingers
Would touch thy lute's deep slumbering strings.
And while thy breath among them lingers—
Would pray again for sonorous words.
I don't know, sweet sister, but I've quoted these verses to you before—

"Pandanus if I have it is my favorite quotation of mine. But I
have with all my aspirations and
sonorous longing—" I alas! shall
never be a poet. I am my
own man. If that, I would not dare
show my productions to anyone.
Save yourself—no one has seen these
lines—save my Master—Sister Julia.
Monday 12 o'clock 18 April 1846

My darling sister,

I received your letter on Saturday and it made me sad to think that you must be unhappy, and I wished the heart sincerely that I could be at your side at this time.

Would it not be perfect bliss if I could be with you? I say that you are "jealous" in my place, that I am "light of the love that I deem so precious." They are not mine by your love, but love you till it all to mine; my heart is so full, because in the deepest sense of you a You say, done is that last letter; "Oh, I can't be; that you love me with the same deep tenderness which I love mine upon thee." Is it necessary for me to repeat again that I do love you with all the wild energy of which my nature is capable. Oh, my sister believe me when I tell you, that my soul to thee you are to me the nearest, least, tenderest thing on Earth. Can I say more?

I think that as this you have received or long letter from me, which will have put you at ease as regards any silence you will excuse me for writing this letter.
all afraid down—unpicks up, Beres and
Barrels and all the letters of moving chives
around— I think it will take you some
time to decipher it. If you have not
received any letter you must send to the
Post Office immediately for that will be
a comfort to you in your loneliness.
Why it is such a comfort to me to write
to you that you may be sure that I
never intentionally neglect the sweet pony
Amelia Mathlove said to me in her last
letter, "Julia, write to me as you tell me you
write to your sister Jane. I am sure I can
sympathise with you. I'm so sensible. I
believe that she would certainly think
I had lost my senses if I should write
to her as I do sometimes. To you, she
would not. I could not appreciate my wild
imaginations as you do. I love her dearly.
She is gifted and beautiful, and I know
she loves me truly, but try, there are five
words in my spirits which echo to
my touch since yours.

Jane, you told me that
you were a Swedenborgian—true you
faith enough to believe with me that
couragement had not and unguarded long ere
our mortal parts met on earth. Oh Jane
I cannot believe that we were strangers.
when that happy time which we spent at R—
recommenced — If I cannot believe it
It is all in that instant recognition? Why
did we love each other, with a love
strong and deep and true at once? Love
we had not before. I knew not how nor
when — perchance in dreamland
but I am sure that it was the memory
of a former union which deepened that
first-and-passionate embrace. Oh, yes
and by that spiritual union we are bound
to each other by ties which time nor death
both can never to break

"In the stillness I might, when the stars wildly shine
My heart still will hold a communication with Thee
I feel them all near, and there's I may be
that the Spirit of love keeps a watch over me"
Sometimes my thoughts run so wildly
that I almost think I see
beside myself — Oh, my darling, that
I were only at your side to whisper sweet
words of comfort in your ear that
that is denied me — I can only speak
'to you from my heart's print, and
low cold the warm feelings of my
heart deep after they have passed through
the sluggish blood. But you know how

I am as the snow from where
they blow back as consolation
I think that in your trusting
Landrup you have overestimated
the purity of my spirit. I never say
again that you wish your soul
has as pure as mine — you know
not what you say — neither is
my heart all I would it were
I see — it is desert full above all
things and desperately wicked
Passions deep and dark times
End their way to its inner temple
where all had ought to be holy and
pure, and all forth boiling seas
of sinfulness, and deep self-knowledge
were only my dear sister to be like
Christ — that perfectly lovely pattern
But she do not wish to be like any
sister —
In great Easter humor
Your own loved
Sister Julia.
Hartford, May 10, 1836.

My own dear Susan,

It is a long time since I have heard from you. I suppose you are on your way to Milwaukee. Your mother called on me, and though in Hartford, I cannot imagine how glad I was to see her. It was the first time for nearly three weeks I had walked any; I then I was too weak I could not stand alone. Had I been able I should have been very happy to have gone down to Saybrook with her.

Thursday, May 23.

I am much better, dear sister, I expect to go to school Monday. Six weeks I have been absent from school, how long it seems. Mr. Beal is thinked I must go into a lower clade, on account of the terrible geometry. They have left off Algebra & English History & taken up Philosophy, Rhetoric & Astronomy. I should like to study Astronomy.
Would it not be pleasant if I received your letter yesterday. It was short but sweet.

Madame Botta had been giving some excellent concerts here. The last one was on Monday night.

Don't miss the next ones, she will give the last one at the Normal School.

The Breakfast & Mechanics Bank, on the building next to the Post Office, have been pressed down. They intend to build a new Bank. The State Bank is nearly done.

The Market Oak Hotel, on the corner of Market & Temple streets, was burned last Saturday night at 12 o'clock. No one was burned in a different direction, we should have been friends. It was too near.

I saw my friend, a short time ago, she brought her love to you mother, said that she lost a second mother, when the rent was paid. Her health had grown & so had the boy. How much has she improved from you dear Strange, & the many happy hours I have spent in your side. But alas! They are like a tale, that is told.

Give my love, & tell her that, Frank Baccardone is in Hemphill.

Voile & Julia Biddell (Miss. Brown) with her husband are in Philadelphia.

I thank you very much for the sweet letter you sent me when I was sick. For the best wishes to my eye, as I read those words, "a week from today I start for Milwaukee."

Will you please give me Biddell's address again, one of the names I did not.

If I have time I shall like to correspond with her for I love her, because she loves my sister. How does the picture of Cliffy get along? I guess she has assisted from her undertaking long before this time.

May your health, Helen's friend attends our School now. I see nothing about her very prepossessing.

How happy should I have been could I have gazed upon the lesson on the book of the Hidden without you. Every one considers it beautiful.

Monday May 27th.

The weather this spring is very cold. Many personal days they scarcely ever knew.

On the weather, to be so cold to late in the season.

Mr. Baccardone, the Principal of the Center School, is more disdained than Mr. Gallup ever was. He had lately made himself quite popular by punishing a boy in a deadlock way.

Hope you will return to New York with Byron, I wonder if I see you.

This summer looks fair to be one not very pleasant. I am very lonely.
Have you noticed the death of the Poet Wordsworth, on the 23rd of April? Eighty years he attained, what a blasted old age! Mad. Tigrousey spoke beautifully of him in her "Pleasant Memoirs of Pleasant Lands." Did you ever read it? I think it is beautiful.

If you recall to mind Helen's address will you please give it to me. I too must write to her.

Mary, I suppose, had written been very happy, but now her time is complete.

By the way, Frances, I hope you are not married; when do just let someone know it, will you? Ad Helen says, The favoured one ought certainly to think himself, the most honored of all Earth's sons.

How do you like Mrs. Hoyt's poem? I doubt you have tasted their sweet before this.

Is not Mr. Chancellor's picture bearable.

And now, dear sister, excuse my folly, think not that I love thee less, but more.

Your sister, Clarie.
Sunday Afternoon, May 28th, 1850

Dear [Name],

My heart is all up in bustling with anxiety. Shall I never hear from you again? — As all intervening denied us, save that if the spirit you say is gone that of the spirit, you feel the most consciousness, that time or distance or circumstances, or Death itself, can separate our spirits. The union which has taken place between them is for eternity — I have delayed writing in hopes to hear from you — I did not know the proper address — and I have waited with impatience I must confess for a letter from you — I can wait no longer. I will write — and there is a possibility of your getting the letter — My excited fancy has imagined a thousand horrid images — I have thought of your meeting with some accident by the ways of you pale and suffering worn down with the fatigues of your tedious journey — If I am so very anxious to know how that pious people gave the means which travel always brings — If you are unable to write to me, I know that your dear Mother will — I hoped to have seen her when she was in New York — But alas! “Hope hath dealt with me unkindly.”

I have loved her flattering wings,
I have cherished her — Oh! kindly
I join once the flight to the wings
I know not how to speak of the

I know not how to speak of the

I know not how to speak of the

I know not how to speak of the

I know not how to speak of the
was coming still — however it ceased at notebook and then I thought I would go down to the city in the afternoon — but while I was getting ready and the shower came up — and my friends in New York insisted upon it that I should wait until morning — they used such strong arguments that at last I submitted. I knew that I had had a severe cold — and I had on thin shoes and no rubber boots and I believed that I was yielding to the voice of reason — but you darling had I known that even at that moment you were lying on the floor in the back parlor at 11th street would have been at your side as soon as the steam would have taken me there — despite the weather the mud, or ill health — that I did not know — and I waited until morning. I went to New York with the earliest boat and went immediately to Davenport Hotel — to my utter dismay the waiters at the door told me that you had left in the morning boat. You arrived at Albany at 1:00 am. 

My own sister - what chilling, crushing words those were — I went over to Brooklyn and where they told me how long you had been in town and that you had been over to see them and that up into Jamaica's room alone she and Aunt Sarah were at when I arrived there and I wept long and uncontrolledly the wild sweet dream of a kiss which my heart had so fondly cherished had flown — and I walked more sadly more deeply down that a haunted street — like a weight to legs and in that bitter hour I felt — I reconciled myself in a measure and washed away the tears of those scalding tears before my feet and heart returned. They knew that I was very much disappointed — but they did not know of the burden of war, which pressed so heavily upon my breast — but they did not to be ascended — and I knew how much dearer to the world. God knows best what is for our good — and he may have withheld the actually denied blessing of spending a short time together as more in my heart was etched in my mind as it may have been intended as a punishment for one on both of us — I have thought if it were on account of my own joy.
whether or not the creature may have received too much of the love which is the rightful due of the Creator? What think you, dear, of my picture taken for you, and I first thought that I would send it to you by my boys, but none of the folks were willing. I should think it very well, I thought it was such a poor one. I sat for great many times. It was a sunny day, and the artist told me that I would never get as good a picture of myself unless it was on a dark cloudy day. I will sit for it again soon and have it ready for you when you come on with Mr. Coop. I declare, my dear, I am typing my dear heart out, but I shall not allow myself to put my heart upon it as I did before.

I like our country home very much — though it is a trial to me to let you go from the dear church yet I have my blessed prayer book and it is pleasant. The weather we ride about five miles to one of the most beautiful little country churches that you can imagine one of my Brooklyn friends, the Rev. Charles Gardiner, is officiating there. At present, I wish it was nearer. The yearly congregation meets on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of this week at Family Church. Remark, I am going down to attend it. I do not love to go to the congregation very much. I see such an army of faithful men — enlisted under the banner of the cross together — to hear them deliberate on the widest and least manner of grilling God's flock. Puts my soul with a hold upon me as our venerable Bishop 5 it will delight my eyes much to gaze upon his form and hear him going to try and preach upon Mr. Climel to go with me for the morning when the Bishop administered the Holy Eucharist. I think I told you that he was a Baptist, if I might only be the instrument in his hands of leading him to the Church, it is my daily prayer. Think! think what wickedness to one radiant soul like his from the paths of the basest sin and sinfulness to the courts of the highest and holiest. The Church of the living God, pray my dearest, that it may be so. That my Master who is to me all that is glorious and noble
...and gifts. and goods. may be the divine beauty of our holy religion, and be increased...the signs of the Lintel, and he made one of the..."In the spring" with the pulpit. I seldom wait...the coming of the King...I am in a strange country to see a...independable altogether. perhaps, all my whole being...with my wish to go to church. This morning...as the Trinity. I have slow distances of hours...As to the reason. I have tried, however...to spend the day in a manner which will be...acceptable to Him. If so, does it - if it is dear night...join. I am not sure if the weather...I am sure all looking very important for sunshine...I do not know what they will do if it does not...clean off soon - for most of your neighbors have...their corn planted yet - and it, it is too cold...and disagreeable.

Did you find any looking just as when...she left you? And the husband - as he all...for which you should wish? - live happy, my best...here. I enjoy the sweet privilege of being with you - Your Mother too - ask her...for me. and if you are unable to write...ask her for me, if she will not write me. I do...about - how you are and how you attend the...journey - and how you like. Wisconsin and every...thing. Else concerning you which she thinks will...interest me - but to think that you are well...enough to answer my. "Thousands and one. "...myself. - I shall look with the utmost anxiety...for a letter. I hope it will come soon - for...times my impatient heart aches more than I...can bear. I met you last night. darling in dream...land - methinks I can see your holy eyes even yet...as they rested upon me with all their unwanted...sweetness and expression of deep, deep affection...think you not that our spirits indeed exist and...environed in warm and close embrace - my faith in...the sweet doctrine of spiritual communion grows stronger...each day - with a... glowing with pure, devoted...affection for you my sister. I am as ever your own sister..."
I wrote to you, darling, on Sunday last, but it was impossible for me to send it to the PO. yesterday, last night my brother brought me your letter—now you can judge from the contents of the other that how very welcome it was to my heart. I have been so very much disappointed in you—and I have been so very anxious about you, that the letter was like a ray of sunshine to my saddened spirit. It is as I feared—that long and weary journey has been too much for your dear suffering baby. But my sister—did not the Spirit voice which whispered in my ear when we parted in Brooklyn that we should never meet again? It did, it did not speak truly? It was a prophet none—was it not? I felt it then when I turn myself away from your clinging embrace that “never meet again.” She thought waggishly—I low down my head and weep often and wildly—to the solitude of my little chamber, echoed many a sob—many a deep, deep sigh.
and yet I sorrow not at one without hope, for I continually look forward to a blessed meeting in Paradise. When I think how near you were to me — and I dare not see you now, it seems as if my heart stood still — I have lost one consolation — we were both spared the pain of parting — my spirit thanks You for the last words I heard from You — O, it is a little thing to part from one we love, and I know that this is for the last time, perhaps the best as it is — but oh it is hard to think so, I had thought so much of seeing you once more.

It will be so new thing for me to think of you at Twilight, it is a time when I have always been especially sensible of your spiritual presence. My wandering looks out towards the north and west when watching the dawn fade away in glory. Now, at the moment of your arrival, your thoughts and affections go out towards your home in the west. Thank God that I am to be happy one. I am almost felt exulted to one more separation, when I think how happy you are with it. I wish only permitted to watch by your side during your absence in the night. If I could only press my hand upon that solemn hour, how far my prayer for one dear sight, bring for me, that I may resign myself to God's will, and be enabled to silence this summer's Spirit — I will think of you when the twilight hours over the earth, and then think of me.

I say that you were jealous of Mr. Hestle — Why is my dear child — I don't love him — he is far, far alone on this lofty intellectual plane, where he would never stoop to love me — and I cannot ascend to the present waters of my heart, where I am sure of meeting you in return. I am in great hurry — and I will more fully explain my feeling towards home when I write again. As long as I love one on earth same my Mother as well as I do
you. Oh do not be jealous any more. I...)

my last love to Mary and your mother. Take care that you do not love Any better than you do me or else I shall be jealous. My respect to "Sperman!"

Your sister
Lulian.
Thursday, May 30th, 1850.

I was reading last night, my dear sister, the verses of "The Bayard Taylor," and the passage which I underline pleased me very much - or feeling came over me - I should like to read this to you now, for I know that you would enjoy it too. Can do no more than transcribe it. Is it not beautiful?

"The chimes. The chimes of Netherland,
Of ancient green and old;
That still the same and sweetly toll.
A thousand years have tolled!"

"I often thought of Goethe's beautiful ballad, when, after a day spent in Waterloo park, I have listened, my way homeward,
To the chimes of Mary-le-Bone chapel, sounding sweetly and clearly above all the din of the Strand. There is something in their silvery vibrations, which is far more exquisite than the ordinary tones of a bell. The ear becomes weary of a continual toil.
The sound of some bells seems to have nothing more in it than the ordinary clanging of metal, but these simple tones, following one another so melodiously, fall on the ear, stilled by the ceaseless roar of carriages or the mingled cries of the streets, gently and gratefully as drops of dew. Whether it be morning, and they ring out clearer and deeper through the bustle at midday, when the vast ocean of being beneath them surges like a moan, or its sleep, they are alike full of melody and poetry. I have often pointed, deep in the night, to hear those clear tones, dropping down from the darkness, thrilling, with their full, tumultuous sweetness, the still air of the Charing Cross, and winding away through dark silent lanes, and solitary courts, to the ear of the care-worn watchman, or scarcely stirred with their死刑 vibrations. This seemed like those spirit voices, which, at such times, speak almost audibly to the heart. How delicious it must be, to those who dwell within the limits of their sound, to awake from some happy dream and hear those chimes blending in with their midnight fancies, like the musical echo of the promised bliss. I love these chimes of bells, and I think there must be many, living on a life of misery and suffering, to whom their tones come with an almost human consolation." - J. A. Barrie. There is one American heart that can feel. I think that Bayard Taylor is one who will write his name upon the list of fame. If I were his master, his heart is so peculiarly joined to appreciate every thing that is beautiful in Art and Nature - How I wish that I could sit by your dear side, and read aloud to you the whole of "Views and Aspects."
glorious descriptions of things are very nice ones.

Another of truth—his feelings on first seeing London—"When I
waked on deck in the gray light of morning after we were gazing
up a narrow muddy river, between rows of glowing buildings, with
many vessels lying at anchor. It grew lighter till, as we turned a
point, eight or nine long or short crowds of vessels, and in the
distance, along the wide stretch of buildings, stood a dim, gigantic
dome in the sky, what a bound my heart gave at the sight!

And the tall pillar that stood near it I did not need a second
 glance to recognize the Monument. I knew the majestic bridge
that spanned the river above, but on the right bank stood a
cluster of massive buildings, crowned with many a turret that bared
the sun. A crowd of old associations prefaced bewilderingly up
my mind to see standing there grim and dark with many a bloody
pigeon of England's history—The Tower of London!"

Again in passing through the Black Forest in Germany—"The side of the mountain
was covered with a thick pine forest. There was no wind to make its foliage
rustle, all was calm and majestic, and even awful. The trees rose all around
like the pillars of a vast cathedral, whose long arched aisles, vanished far
below in the deepening gloom.

Nature with folded hands seemed there,

Breathing in her evening prayer, for twilight had already
began to gather. We went on and up and ever higher, like the youth in
'Excelsior!' the creek and dump on take the place of the pine, and at last
we arrived at a cleared summit whose long brown grass waved
destinctively in the sun light of evening. A point, glow still lingered over the
forest hills, but down in the valley the dusty shades hid every vestige of life,
though its sounds came up soft through the long space. When we
reached the top, a bright planet stood like a diamond over the town of
the eastern hill, and all the round of a twilight bell came up and cleared
and sonorously on the cool, damp air. The white veil of mist slowly
descended down the mountain side, but the peaks rose above it like
the wrecks of a world, floating in space.

Oh, my darling—how we would enjoy that
cloud together—it has made me almost mad with its glowing beauty.

I must write you some more papers. I am in Munich and Dresden—far to tell the truth. This is the last mes in

paper I have in the house and I must wait until I go to Nancy on Saturday to get more. The rainy weather has prevented me from
going to New York to attend the conventions. I am very sorry, but
without very much to do. Will you not dear Sister do as I am

going to do—write a letter to me whenever you have an opportunity
every day if you are able and when you have as much as a letter
will carry them send it. I have made a beginning to day. I hope
that you will soon get the letter I sent on Thursday. I am very
your loving heart will be answered. Adieu—now until the
twilight—then we will meet.
I thought to have written you a long letter at this time, but I don't know how it is - I do not feel as if I can put my mind on anything - no stranger, noble retrospect has been in my heart during all of the past week. There is a fluttering in my heart, as if a bird were slow, though the Spirit was many of its years, and long to escape from its cage and be free - oh, this perpetual trying for the free, unm breasts and wings. The, this wild thirst for something out of mortal reach. I often think that if I had the gift of poetry, that I would be much relieved: I do not know if it would - but it seems at times as if my brain is ruminating with thoughts that I cannot express. This is the day on which I generally take my lesson but as it was more convenient for me to let the horse go yesterday, I went down then I promised you some that I would tell you just how well in regard to the fault. You seem to think that I love him better than I do you, my darling - what made you think so? You are my Spirit sister, I cannot love any other. More intense fondness than I feel for you and Jane - I don't love Mr. Astor. I esteem him very highly as a friend for he has a kind warm heart, and a heart readily fitted to appreciate and enjoy everything that is beautiful, and in that I have felt sympathy at the mouth of the foreigner, which is one in the world but yourself could have sympathized with the others, though it was when I spoke of inexpressible of anything in anyone I love, they are so used to the poetical past, perhaps which are wont to meet there, are that often a passionate spirit like mine expressed itself in its native language. They cannot understand it, and so they understand it. I go to the maid and sit there all the time looking before the window and listen to his voice as you would enjoy it - though I know you would have just as much pleasure in his society as I do in his thoughts, can you tell me? He was gone yesterday when I went there, but I cherished him and I knew what I knew of the books of his pictures as he told me that he quite sacrificed all day to the cause of this writer and finally screamed in chasings away the shadow from his face, and when I went in as the lady said, good thing he said. "you had a feel for, my mind will sometime. I do not, I cannot. I must go and see my heart. You should do it yourself. He is so dear, and I love to think of him. His child, his sister, his brothers, his friends, his hands, his messages. He is so dear.
I think my sister that I will make an effort to finish my letter—do I hope that you have received the other? I don’t know that you write quick, so impatient until you do, but I hope you have been well, you and your family. I have written to you, even though you may not have received it yet. Oh, Jane, I wish you were here beside me at my window in that lovely light never did mortal eye behold; those that viewed this landscape. The sun is just sinking to his golden rest and everything is bathed in a flood of golden light; and I think I have an artist’s heart. This might fill in glowing beauty, this gorgeous scene upon the canvas. But it, I fear, that I shall never be able to express. I have been engaged for some days upon my first composition. It is a sunset scene in the foreground, a lady with her painter resting carelessly upon a silent bench—her head is turned aside, and a sweet smile rests on her face as if her spirit was gladdened by the memory of happy hours. Her dress is a rich Florentine satin, and glowing where the sunlight touched it. I am in some Jackpot with finding themes, quite off at the throat and so is not showing our accomplishments. Her hair is very fair, and her eyes blue, and a white lace. Her hair is very fair, and her eyes blue, and on the back of her head she has a dark violet cap. What think you of most of the costumes? At first, I was so much encouraged. I know I despair almost entirely of the success. The fig tree is dead.
peace me - I can soothe me on returning to the campfire and attorney which I visit - and what is one of silent
musing - with the mind filled with pleasant thoughts for
the landscape - there is the cove - I don't think I shall
ever make a good landscape painter - though to be
sure this is my first attempt and that commended to
by my teacher. I get I despair I intend to move to a next
day to have any rest and perhaps to succeed down in the pasture under the large oak tree and
am going to stay there and paint all day from nature
and see what I can do. Still I go with much self
distrust, hoping ending the best evening are is to my
earning know in Maine. I have been expecting long
and Billy I am not unhappy - yet - and I have not
been happy in years than now. But this
punishment, mildless which has possessed my soul
what, what can it mean? - Sometimes I fear that
tis a harbinger of coming evil - my heart is always
groaning for something which it can never attain
it seems to me sometimes as if my brains will turn
Oh, if you were here - see of my heart so I couldn't
clasp you closely and tell you of my wild aspirations
and let you listen to the throbings of this restless
heart - if you were here you could understand
and sympathize with me and even this trougled
evening home has power to keep my excited mind.
The twilight is gathering round me - Oh, is your
dear thoughts fixed on your listener? Oh, I too "Long
for the time of eternal rest" listen, listen, falling silent
what is it that makes my spirit so sad and restless."

"What is it? I know not."

"Its story is so long." But I am strong

among perhaps in this proving my disgusts in you,

so it do not let it make you sad -- for believe

me, sweet one. I am not unhappy -- it is only intense

mental excitement -- though I know not by what it

so caused -- for I have nothing here to expect me. I live

a very monotonous life, varied only by my weekly visits

to the Studio. Who, who could I go to with these

strong feelings if not to you? Who in all the

wide world can sympathize with me if you cannot

understand my own distress. I can revel in the sweet

companionship of your love and that is some very

great consolation, but yet we are so widely

separated -- why do not neglect to send me your

picture -- but this I doubt that I must stop you

by the present.

11 o'clock 1/2 the

I sat at the window and thought of you until darkness

settled over the earth, and then I went down into the parlor

My father asked me to play for him, but my heart was too sad to

play the sweet music of life and I felt that I could not

and play the only sin, for I know there are no tears for

him -- I am again in my own little room. It is the

escent spot in the house to me and I never feel so sad

next is where I am in it and the key is turned. I do not

believe I am becoming very selfish today. I know I cannot

bear the society of anyone at times and cannot

happen alone, with my own strange thoughts, then are very
one even my own dear Mother - I feel that I am - It makes an effort to cast off the spell that binds me - I have spent so much time alone of late - I must leave my little room
in future and sit in the new useless quietude - You can pity - you can sympathise with me.
I promised you a more explicit account, but I could not stop—of no—will the feverish excitement in my spirit. I could not—could not—I am unwise and I sin. For I could not—could not—reclaim my promise—do I have the spirit? I have enjoyer. Ms. Taylor's beautiful. I thought this world—then I could. You should—should—should have—should. The appearance of the Strand and Temple Place is truly magnificent. Every house on the north side is a store, all built of light granite, the Park, stripped of all its trees and paved with granite, and a lofty column in the center, double the crowd, and the crescent of business, and you will have some idea of the scene. It was a relief to get into St. James's Park, among the trees and flowers, the beautiful winding walks, and wonders of the lake, and the old stupendous and monuments. In the corner, St. Luke, while the old house was more comest to the regular walks. At the western end stands the Admiralty Palace, looking towards the trees towards the corner to the eminence above, the corner of St. James's could be seen. But there was a show building with two lofty spires to decorate the pinnacle of its pinnacles, that looked up with more interest than these appearances of Royalty. I could not longer live in its security, but going back again by the House and to Westminster Abbey.

"We approached by the gateway were the words "Our Queen's Palace," and the first view further looked down the antique and ancient, the ruins of ancient, and a few paces was a sight of a palace in ruins. The light was not of a column's religious appearance, but that of a segment of some mind. In this, I felt as if standing in their living presence. Every thing called forth the genius for an instant. The leaves and the flowers of the trees, which, the flesh, the mind of the wise, the thought of God, the thought of God, the thought of God, the thought of God. The leaves of the trees, the trees of God, the trees of God, the trees of God. I have lately heard one of the most beautiful creations, that was enunciated from the soul of Genius. What is the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree, the beauty of the tree.
The almost desiring agency of the strong-hearted, but still tender, and womanly Fidelia—The ecstatic joy of the most exalted prisoner, when he rose from his hard couch in the dungeon, bidding his unseen trainer, the presentiment of a bright being, who would come to embrace his chains—and the softening and thrilling, almost human, which came from the orchestra, when they did creep into the dungeon, to gladden the soul of the victim of the grave. Then he was dead, and the night—

reason by that sight, and Fidelia to herself before the uplifted altar, kneeling as her husband with the courage which goes to a maternal heart, the storm of grief which has been gathering in the music, swell to a height beyond which seems impossible for the soul to peer. My vows were fulfilled till I could bear no more. I must seem to come before my eyes and I scarcely know what followed; till the scene kneaded together and joined forth in the shining hymn the painful fillings of their joy. I feared the sound of voices after the close, and the hall down under the hard, rattling wheels on the rough streets. For days afterward my brain was filled with so tangled and confused sense of solitude like the half remembered scene of a dream.

Sunday—June 22nd at 5 o'clock.

Some days have passed, my previous letter, since I wrote the above. I left the house of Mr. T on the 18th. I meant to have given you some account of the juggling of the railways, but I cannot write any more to you. I write to settle the business to anticipate them. I plan that you have seen de "Time to take already," perfect as you have called it. I beg of you, yesterday I received your letter telling me that the Lord had sent me, and I think that it is the best type of the good I have both seen and I have at several times been informed that you could not have looked better, and a friend of my arrows. I am sure you would have been pleased with the idea. I have been looking forward to it, so much.

Sophie has been and she does nothing but the same of the two.

I am so busy, you see; I need not tell you how unreasoned it is; I am not glad to be left alone before the end returns. I shall be much better if the end is without it. I understand that you think of the best.

Oh, June!—I spent the very last day yesterday. That could be my mind was not such a burden state of excitement, that I seemed as if I could not live. You would be surprised and grieved if you could. The outside, I made for the sun—writing nearly two pages and it is a perfect sort of a mental comfort. I am going to be, drinking, that these sorts of feelings will harm me. I only take it any pride from the contemplation of humanity things. I have made it as if I am not and that I must all my heart to go
To meet your own — for it was then definite and unholy and unwise for me single in such communion as the Spirit gave at that time. I felt my face in my hands and slept. I came to know that I was unhappy.

"Oh, there are some thoughts
That li'dle in the brain as weal'den
In the gentle gales of Heaven can breathe
The soothing coolness and serene delight.
The gentle rain of calm forgetfulness.
I feel the column of the poet's being
On the lady's head to shield me from the sunshine.
In the silence and solitude and soul, I may not be meditated, self-remembered, and certain in prayer. I am there in my heart, and I trust my heart, to be my heart.

"Oh, my darling, I would that I had all your lovely eyes and shining forehead alone, not the page of my heart book. I have no present

To be the pages of my heart book. I have no words to be the poetry of my heart book.

Are you far from me? Are you far from me?

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Are you far from me? Are you far from me?

Are you far from me? Are you far from me?
for your peaceful home in heaven. I feel relieved and in my prayers I pray for you—let you may be benefited by his grace that your merit may be acknowledged and that I may one day join you in that happy abode. 

I am writing to tell you that I have been alone and lonely, and I cannot help feeling that you are not with me. I have been thinking of you often, and I feel that I must tell you how I feel. I have been alone and lonely, and I cannot help feeling that you are not with me.

Oh, how I wish you were here, my sister. I have been so lonely and I have missed you. I miss you so much. I hope you are happy in heaven. I miss you so much.

Oh, how I wish you were here, my sister. I have been so lonely and I have missed you. I miss you so much. I hope you are happy in heaven.

Oh, how I wish you were here, my sister. I have been so lonely and I have missed you. I miss you so much. I hope you are happy in heaven.
I wish I could have seen a beautiful

You did not know how much I was interested in you.

The Red Book. I have always been interested in you.

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Since I was writing this morning, I have heard from you two last letters — both of which I have second sense I wrote you. You need to be very happy to be able to get the two words. I was able to go to Sunday School last week over Sunday after you write. I don't know if you will like my letter on the subject of the trouble I had an engagement for the morning. I was to call on a friend, when I entered the parlor she was sitting at the window with her back towards me — reading a novel — and heard

"My soul is on that way, through the long days and by the loneliness of the river, the waves clashing
I walk and dream by the home of the sea —" while you were instantly before my eyes and when the walls grew still, if my presence and my care, though I thought it not, I was aware. You don't know how much I love you. I know by the strength with which she held me. The love of that book, made me feel happy, my happy times were spent at Brooklyn. I went after dinner to the Studio. Mrs. Stetson was in one of his best manners — and we had quite a conversation. That I tell you know that I do not love him. All you know is that he love his glories and I care none. and music and bright men. I return the message of what he called them all at will. I do not love him. Do you state with incredulity? Why surely I would come in to one of it, I am aware of my own book. You say you are "tame the college men in," your letter he not anyone else can see me with your loving eyes. I believe we are in love. I hope you know that he is in many words that I love you. He used to pass me and his pictures, you have passed me and his pictures while that is all. I cannot become the child. The more I have the attention in the things. I feel great sensations. Love me more, and

I thank you very much for another angel's roses. I like them very much and the flower in the picture. In case you might not send some. I love you — that I am not more like him.
July 21, 1858

In writing and I playing cards and fishing for birds I noted when I would lay down his palette and brushes and play flute for me — Oh, we tried chemistry times how he is gone I must go to work for I have neglected everything. I shall not be able to finish this letter yet to day — It is too late.

Sunday July 21st 1858

Will I think I will make an effort to have this stationery again made. Before if the business — It seems as if an spell has been put upon me, in regard to writing to you we have had a house fall of company all the while — even the family of my own little room has been invaded. Is not that shocking? — Oh, what a peaceful storm we have had here — it almost tore the city of Newark up by the roots and there is has done a great deal of damage — in the orchard opposite our house eleven large apple trees were torn up and the twigs like as many shores by the wind — I feared at one time that the college would be blown from its foundations one house at Newark was blown from its foundation and almost crushed to pieces. Wish you were here at Milwaukee Friday was the most severe day here — and of course I would not go down to the studio so Mr. Smith wrote me a long letter — He too him all day to write it. He writes English with difficulty and is even compelled to have his dictionary in his hand. The letter commenced with a little poem which I like very much. I will copy it for you, but I do not remember the short o-yaw o-name to write the long one in that I am very faulty — though rich in ideas.
I wish you could see the flowers in this wild seriousness. You cannot love them too. It is not fastidiousness, my sister, that I have received another in my heart's inner temple also. It is a kindness of fate. I love you, dealing with the same impressiveness and solemn assurance. There is not the faintest contempt in the glow of feeling I have for you. I received your letter on Thursday evening. I am so impatient to receive your news. I am so impatient to receive your letters. I think it is too daily to hate him. I hope when he comes, that he will address it to me by my name and let me take it to Brooklyn. I don't know when or if I shall get it for I have fully determined to go there again this summer. I have not been here on any of the rest yet and I think myself very lucky if I get a letter once in a blue moon. Now I am just as contented at home as they are and if they had not promised to come now, I think I would like to leave. I don't know what to make of it. I gave a party and I was not there. My friends came who lived just two or three blocks from Auntie's and sent me in her last letter to give your love to Virginia when I could. I will in my next. Virginia is well.

I thank you many times over. "The voice of the angel" is quite familiar to me. I cannot always attend it with much satisfaction. I send you "Spooling"
I have just 15 pounds up in my arms for the last six months — I can't buy any more. My beautiful face, my sister. I help all the time. Give me my true love to all your kind ones. Let me hear from you often. Don't say you are coming to visit. The cold weather is your best of all. I have written you so many times. You know all the details.

Lena.
My dear friend Sicily.

You hear the howling storm
That sweeps o'er land and sea
In my unrested mind.

The vast solitude
Resounds voices wild
And lamentations loud.

How strangely does it sound!
From his dark hand, a letter
Some spirit has come forth
Of ancient Enoch's time,
To sweep in awful strains
The misery of his kind,
And sing bitter tears
With those of heaven above,
Downstreaming on the face
The weary face of Earth.

As when a mother bows
In sorrow for her child,
And from her aching eyes
Pours forth a flood of woe,
Complaint and yet relief
Upon its suffering face.

With fondest sighs gently
She loves her darling one,
Stricken on the bank of Heath
In agony and pain;
So do, in Harmony,
Confused, and fearful groans;
The voice of roving blast
And your dear spirit's sighs
Combine their mourning tales
For mankind's misery.

Oh how nice such strange, beautiful letters
I take much pleasure in corresponding with you — you will smile perhaps...
my sweet sister—

May your Christmas be...
Autumn leaves
Autumn leaves!
Autumn leaves, how brightly you lie round my feet. How cold now are the dreams.
Think of the hopes of childhood's day
How like these hopes is the dream of former days and years?
Withered leaves — withered leaves!
To tell a mournful tale
Of love once true, and friends we once held
Happily by every breath of winds
Forgetten, changed, or deceased.

I am about to write you a short note — but I am still thinking of the old days and the old years in which we were so happy. I think of our youthful days and the sweet songs that were sung by our friends. I think of the days when we were young and full of life. I think of the days when we were happy and contented. I think of the days when we were free and unhampered by care. I think of the days when we were young and full of hope.

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Honest are various—sometimes the old and talks to me with all the stern eloquence of a Roman senator. And now, since his voice will often become so breathless and he will breathe sweet words of poetic sentiment or of Christian sympathy and even long the house will be stilled with his mellow laugh and he will be picking words like a happy child—truly she is a strange creature! I don't know what to make of him. He is quite domesticated here—he has taken the hearts of my mother and Father quite by storm. I do think him almost perfect. But I must stop—he is making most unreasonable noises with his flute just in my ear—and bids me tell my sister that I am plagued by a horrid monster.


I am lonely and sick it night—Mr. Smith has left me—there is no flute breathing sweet, wild notes to birds like melody upon the evening air—so may laugh to awaken my feelings of wistfulness no friendly voice to tell the tale to.

in the most persons will sympathetic words and Christian consolation—so I feel so very lonely. You were right June. I do love him as a friend I mean yes I do very very well. Last Sunday we drove up to Monmouth to church. I was very much surprised to see him partake of the services in the zealous manner he did—One might have thought him a Churchwoman—in response—and in the music his voice was commonly heard—It made my spirit rejoice—I would that he might be let to see the beauty—the device
My dearest Sister — I cannot talk to you with this tone, call you and ask — what a wild state of feeling支配 over me. I am so very unwell that a month has passed before me — can you think what I went through to write to you? — Thank you very much — you cannot think how much I love you and give it to you from the heart of a deep love — the desire of your love. I have been up in the morning — I think the likeness excellent — I can find but one fault with it — and that is that I do not meet the page of those dear eyes — when I look at it — they are always arrested — I think it a true [faded text] — I mean knowing that if the original were here it would not be so and that makes me smile — but I am very thankful for it — Mr. Mitchell is here again — he has wrote a few to me from a time — little and plays wrym's at he is — the kind and fun completely fascinates him — he has complimented me very much on my choice of a bosom friend.

You thought I might that your sister — there is not a day passes over me that I think much of you and speak of you — if not to some one around me — at least in my journal — I think of you so often times a day to Mr. Mitchell — I asked him yesterday if he was not tired of living "conversational" with my daughter — "Oh, no," he says — "I never tire of hearing you talk of those you love — for I learn to love them too" — "We have such pleasant times — you are never seen orcreated who is perfectly himself — perfectly himself as he does — yes — my sister you guessed right — I believe that he does appreciate me — that he does love me very dearly — he has never told me so — in a direct manner — but he is the very soul of truth — he would not deceive me and his manners — the light of his eyes — the tone of his letters and his endearing words — he must be mistaken — if this was a common nature I should think of nothing of it — I shud not believe it flattering — but in him I have the most perfect confidence — my trust in his sincerity is perfectly implicit and childlike — and I know that he loves me — with the same deep affection I have bestowed on him for it is even as — long before I married I love you self — I loved him very dearly — in my most enthusiastic moments I could have never formed on earth what would be perfectly have satisfied every longing of my spirit as God has given me in turn — I could have never be put in such perfect and soul satisfying sympathy. Now I must he pleased — I have made you my Father confessor and beg you to do the same with me — I have shared all my deep love and confidence with you — my dear Sister this is in total confidence — Oh, let me always read the page of my heart's hand — it makes my cheek burn to think of it — and to your own eyes I am interestingly long since my whole heart.
for I know that you can appreciate all its deepest feelings — Bucky! Now surely you will not be jealous — when you have not been — a confession? I wish I could tell you that — as soon to you as it would be to my own soul? And I have done as I said — for sake of fidelity. It is the most Stern time since I desired to whisper to myself the full extent of the influence he possessed over me — and I have admitted to my delay and the way I was led — or one word. I think, I know, that you will cry for me. For I have some feeling left of that I could relive — but alas, I cannot — not for the moment. I sometimes need you as a soothing distasteful for the unasked heart; to talk to one — do not sometimes release the suffering of your spirits. Your constant sympathy and love of others has had effect on my weak soul — the sight of you loved you will often cheer me. Oh, how can I ever thank you enough for it — and that little cross, thank you for wearing it for It speaks so worthily of Christ and His Church — and it is a neat ornament for you, my precious sister — for truly have you it. after the ears in your youth — for that it could speak to me. The picture of, that is could throw its clear arms around my neck in a close clinging embrace — oh, that those dear lips could whisper me your gladsome words of passionate affection. But as it is — it may be a comfort to me — I do again thank you for it, remembering Wednesday morning. I was interested in yesterday, and was compelled to try writing, which now I resume it with a hope to feel the shock of the time for the afternoon mail. This has a change in me. The spirit of my dream as my sister saw yesterday — what I told you then that of the dream, it now is a certainty — in some one — I think at some

underneath the calm, steady sky — I listen to the rustling of

his passionate spirit — and come to hear the deep response of a heart

My deepest is just now seen. If I cannot tell you some other wise

she moved our meeting on my spirits there — I cannot realize the truth

When I look upon this earth, noble as — and listen to his words when I seem upon the page of his heart — and stand even before his

beautiful creations — He says time if it. I think of our acquaintance

with him in life — as if I should never again be alone. Oh, I cannot tell

you the wild thrill which follows my soul to enframement with the time

the happiness when he present his life upon my soul, and called me to

his gathering — it seems strange to him this desire to be writing to

you, filled with love for yourself alone — it is impossible for me to assure you

that, though I will help share of love the same place, you that you have ever

confused that there is not the least attention of affection for

my feeling, for surely you must know it — you are not the you getting

from whose you my Bucky confidence. You can see all the suffering

of my heart — what makes my sister — that some time past is a body with
to act with my utmost in such fortunate style. — I will ask them if you approve of my choice. I cannot give you any better notion of his life's mind than to relate some of his writings; here is a piece he sent me in a letter last week — it is continuous if the one I sent you in my last. — He says: "these lines bring the thoughts of grief and melancholy which the other poem expressed — to a concluding close. Unanimous at last is to a Christian in suffering to despise it — it is all the wrong for us to turn his eye in the dark direction of suffering ever since. — Hesitant belong to the regions of perpetually destruction, but not to the heavens above us. — A Christian cannot do it. — I will enjoy the poetry. — Tell the rest of it.

The storm, the mighty storm is over —
In grond, majestic scene, he walked on mighty storm. —
Grasped the flying clouds, with speed of whirling birds.
And deep, beneath his steps, the earth and sea that grew
When forests he passed on, in elements, good in the age,
While uttering cries invariant and despairing to the sea.
In answer to the cry of high Cherub's breath,
Said rolling through the thickest, sure sounds, just, and filled, and trash from the heart of divine sounds;
What music heaven — what terrible clouds were earth —
Strange harmony — sounds all through — and yet agreed in one;
With ears waiting窖 the nature for a time
To sound the mysterious strings of the gigantic bark;
Fingers shaken — one, passionate stroke,
Rumbling the forest's praise, and desolate spread,
Wheeled at once — each thing seemed horror-strike —
Astonished at sight, the lion's roar resounded,
And for their safety makes both beasts and men to tremble,
Distracting strength and shattering — as tremulous whole creation!
—— But it is dust — the mighty storm is over —
This page dismiss'd, his house the battle
Pressed into silence — and a soft melody.
An emblem, more hallowed strings connected
Join'd by each grass — each leaf, and each reposing flower,
By murmuring streams, gently whispering wind,
And notes of trembling birds — all tires in common.
To echo the tempest, voice of agitation came,
To call its burning heat with anxious chants of praise —
And as quickened the many clouds activated,
And like an army of triumphant heroes
As in their sleeping tents murmured on the earth.
I'll call again to combat with the king Almighty: —
Arrow — in solemn silence, the health of young day,
"Th' pleasant ones in the heart of the same," arose.
A soothing gem on wide-spread eyes join, emotion,
To graze with pyres eye on holy Sabbath moon.
One remembrance to that day in quiet calm and peace,
By, with creation — to that day which blessed
And counterparts — on heavenly rest.
By the Greater one — all nature join they,
Although the image of his glorious Maker seems —
— I think through, this will — let them more calculations;
In seeing from his well known path in heaven
The emblem, points broken of the eternal love.
And satisfied, righteous, victor; in truth, walked
And moved led the hosts in impiety speed that followed.
B. I heard — and lock — what low human words
Of deep solemnity in measured intonation
So moving on my ear from majestic towers?
— transit! transit! High chanting spell so sweetly imbues
And mankind leads to calm — in stillness of sweet air
It floats — and shall — and slowly dies away.
But within the major arch of history began
Heaving pangs of yearning vibrations like an angel's bow,
Doubt now and more distinctly, than remote again:
As from earth seemed summit in pale moonlight's air
When the voice of the Son of Man from high Bern crushing gray home
Songs social and melancoly in the tale delectable
Wasting louder — and there mildly with the zephyr blended
Songs of pilgrims there assembled — praying at the holy tomb —

Do what symphony precluded legends of France and people
Inhabiting chasms with emotions of a godly gleam.

Another strain — through agate shining pillars
Confessions hurried unceasing — last in golden cup
Were carried up by angels to the throne of grace —
So sweetly, sacrilegious — defacing sacred purity
Now pacific — more acceptable, than prove able was —
And then to whispering hearts — with their attentive ears.
The amount of His lips in flawed eloquence —
This welcome, magnificent message must be proclaimed!

A salvation to the race of men diffible, most fallen,
But now redeem'd, and made by charity sacrificial
By struggling angel, once ruling — to peace and sorrow

A being uncreating to each deed, the coming might destroy.

So lips and minds are filled with peace, a pleasant endless Sabbath-songs

Oh, I think 'twas some of the thoughts, are bright like — it requires to be read
Some time before to use the fully appreciante — I hope that time and a
Constant use of the language will enable him to write better English after
A while — Oh, June — you must love him for myself he is sagacious — so
Mottle — so noble, above the common place writings which one meets with
Now that I can now you would admire him if you knew him —

I trust my standing — that you are not suffering as much
As when your write — your talk — you have more power when your side
Last minute — oh, my precious sister — now are you standing 1 — I pray
dearly to God for you that he would alleviate these pains — on his infinite wisdom — in this time, if it be for you to suffer — that he will
Struggle with me until the middle of next week — and every evening — with your picture
In my head, as we talk of you during the holy twilight — truly bathed — then
As my soul in the darkness of spiritual communion — I must have
Some semblance of the whole thrill of happiness which has acknowledged
On my spirit's chance for the last few days — now known since. The
Your sister was very — very happy — I give my last love to Mary and your
Dear brother — Then your own self, I trust amid all I enslave — you
Know my heart's devotion to your own, although I cannot as much
In another — the fountain of love is my heart — at a never failing source
Paying spring — its water will flow to you in full streams forever
Growing spring. The — where you belong — to come to the last night
Shining out happiness. A world to meet some more on earth and two will

Your loving sister, Juli.
Every square, I believe, would be happier
paying for the liberty (I take as an
entire stranger) to address you, since
you are, as the deepest friend of
one I love above all, sufficiently
kindred with me, to encourage my
week's pen for a few lines. - Spirit
need but little or no introduction, if
their expanded plumage bear them
amazed upon one and the same breath
of divine influence; they know
their kindred flight, and involuntarily
are moved by an irresistible power

toward each other. And why should
not they, perceiving their common aim,
they strive to attain, be kindled with
sympathy and interest? - One faith,
in one bond, children of one Father,
members of one Body, in which treat
they are united in one love, spiritually
and tenderly; to whom they all cling as
the wrecked sailor does to the flotilla
canes which bear him through agitated
waves and dangerous breakers, to dry
land in safety. - Citizens of one invisible
kingdom, they are proposed heirs of eternal
care and felicity, to which their eyes
are fix'd in unshaken hope.
Ah, I love to commune with thee upon calmly the rising mists of earth's nest. I love, to commune with Thine visions. Were it only for this reason, my attempted lines to you would be repaid; but, as I said above you love my Zelie, and cannot therefore be a stranger to me, even not if I were never to see your countenance save on the daguerotype, she constantly conveys with her.

My name, I know, has been mentioned to you before, perhaps in too flattering a manner, which I cannot presume that I deserve it. May you favor me with portion of that interest, by which your dear friend has made me most happy, and allow me to sign

Yours

Respectfully

Joannes A. Berkey

[Signature]
My dear sister, I have been trying for a week past to find time to write to you. It is not my own fault, as much as one of neglect. We have had so much company that I have not had a moment to myself. Johannes did not go to Newark until last Tuesday, and besides living, we have had many others visiting us—sometimes fine, besides our own family, and the rest of the task of entertaining them has devolved upon me. Even the sanctity of my own little room has been invaded, and do I have not had a minute to spare—I received your letter last week. Johannes was very much pleased to have a few lines from your own hand—if he were here, I know he would write to you again—you cannot imagine how much he is interested in you.

Oh, my sister—how very lonely I am now—this gone—the last of our company left yesterday evening, and it seems so strange here—everything looks desolate. It will not be long, however—I expect my friends will come next week, and the last of the week—Saturday probably. Johannes is coming for me, and we are going to Brooklyn. The folks there have never seen him—I expect they are all anxious—they have heard much of him, and he had written to Aunt Sarah, and to Jimmy, so we expect to stay at 219 for a few days and then go to the Ocean House at Sandy Hook and to Skanesbury. We also intend to...
visit "Greenwood," and a number of collections of paintings in New York. I will write you all about my expedition when I return. Do you know distress that Byron has returned to his old quarters at "2 1/2"? I had a letter from Ben the other day in which he informed me that such is the case. He is reinstated in the Third String, and that "he is just as tall and skinny as ever," only a "little more so." I am glad to hear this; it must seem quite natural to see him sit; and hear his merry laugh ringing through the house as if he were to do.

I am glad dear one — that your like my acquaintance's profile — I know you must admire it, but do not know the place from it that he is every handier. — you go as I told you in my last letter, the profile view of himfolic is the best, if it is pointed and finely put while his full face is broad and square, but if it is held, it is light and bright, an intellectual glow — and I think it is very beautiful.

It made me very sad to know that you had been so very sick, but you said you were better, so I am. I am sure you often feel so if I could fly — when the heavy rain falls — light hands come on, and I gaze upon your picturesque face — the tear of farewell

I am glad you shall live — the time often falls together. I am glad I shall see you soon — oh, if you can look at eyes now — oh, I often gaze upon its beautiful triangle and wonder if you are gazing on it too — I have their stare to look at inside it — Johannes and I were telling him of our appropriation of the stand in Lynd. He turned round and pointed to the constellation of the Great Bear and made me observe the second star in the handle of the "Dipper" — it has a smaller star close to it — that "star" is funny, or "the smaller star is so copper to the other — if they were yourself and me" — so it must prettily dance — look at them sometimes and think of us.

I thank you very much for your promise to be with me in the Spring if you are able. I should be so very happy to have you here — and then you will come and spend a long time with me at my own house — will you not decide at the first? How Johannes and I would ast ourselves to make you very happy. Though I cannot speak with a certainty that my message will take place my Spring — it appears probable to me, and I look forward to great thank of it. Brooklyn — The Beltel is a perfect pitch, and since Mr. Beltel is in the house again — I don't know who will come out ahead of who will laugh. The hardest — I think it will be fun to know them. Both of them were both in the spirit of it. — The country folks sound here have almost been afflicted with spruce this summer on my account — I do not have any
to do with them and they cannot
find out any of my affairs - and you
cannot imagine how much trouble I
give them - One young man comes
to the door every few evenings to say
"There is nothing in the Post Office for
Miss Jenny this evening," and thus have
been sorry enough to come in the evening
and look in the windows - The old lady
who lives next door stops the servant
every chance she gets and asks all manner
of impudent questions - I never saw
such a set of folks in my life - Mr. Smith
did all he could while he was here to noise
their curiosity and he succeeded pretty
well.

I know my precious one that you
will expect a short letter this time - for
really it is out of my power to write more
unless I wait another day or two - and I
fear that if I delay longer you will think
I am sick or worse that I neglect you.
Think of me much, and to pray for me daily
for me and my loved one that we may
be blessed - Oh, how often as we walk
or walked in the twilight that we talk
of you - I am glad that your
loved Clara is well and happy - I wish
she would write to me - give her my
best love when you write to her again.
I wish - how since you were to forget
to put a little word of your name in your
picture? - How much I should like to
have it - give my love to your dear
mother and to Mary -

I am as ever your own true

Sincerely,

Lucy
My dearest Sister — I have been awaiting day after day — expecting to hear from you — until at last — I can wait no longer — my anxiety knows no bounds — did you not receive my last letter? Have you written and the letter not reached me? — or worse — are my fears true — and are you unable to write — Oh, my dearest — your Mother was so very kind last winter, she would think of me — if such was the case — Pray, come! I have gazed upon your dear semblance and wept — as its pure eyes were turned from me — would that I could see the dear original — I tell I hope to see her in the Spring.

Oh, my dearest Sister, I cannot tell you how much I have thought of you for the last two weeks. Each day, I have thought — I will write to him — and know what is the matter, and then I would conclude to wait one day more — oh, do relieve me — will you not surely your Mother — or Mary will be kind enough to let me know how you are — even if you are unable to write — Oh, how long it seems since I heard from you — I do pray our Heavenly Father, for you each day — I trust that he will hear and answer my prayers — unworthy though they be — for his dear Sister sake — you wrote me in your last that you had been very sick — Oh — how my heart trembles when I think of you — My Sister — if you were only well — Oh, if health might once more glow in your veins — how constantly you were in my mind during the August days — I not only thought of you — but I talked of you — I used sometimes to ask Jehovah if he did not get tired of hearing of my Sister from — but he said he did not — for he too has learned to love you — his last — his dearest friend. Theodore Eichenmüller is suffering too — he is in Germany — he is young — but 23 and
is remarkably gifted — he has studied so long that Consumption has marked him for its victim — alas it selects with a deviating hand, that fearful disease! — it even chose for its prey the point and the corner — the doctrine has made astonishing advancement indeed, having mastered 9 languages already — let what will it advise him of his days are numbered — but he is a Christian, and will God pass to a better, holier clime. — Johannes loves him very dearly, he is to him, all that you are to me — his last, his dearest friend and brother — so you see we can sympathize on that point too.

You lament in your last letter that my loved one is not a Christian on all points — and ask "would not our clergyman influence him?" I earnestly think any clergyman would think it necessary for him to be baptized — he was baptized in infancy in the Lutheran Church of Germany, which, he says, very much resembles ours, both in doctrine and ceremony — at an early age he was confirmed and entered in communion with the Church — in which communion he was steadfast, until a little more than a year ago, since he has been in Newark, he became acquainted with Mr. Jones — the Baptist Minister — he, so pious Baptist views upon him — that he thought it his duty to examine them — he did so — prayerfully — and thought, he found them based on Bible grounds — and so he was immersed by Mr. Jones — and became one of them. But James — I do believe he will be all a Churchman yet — he goes to Trinity Church in town every Sunday — and that he must not do when I am not there, unless he chooses — and he is on intimate terms with every clergyman of the Church in the city. — The last letter I had from him tells me that last Sunday he was at Trinity Church in the afternoon and in the evening went with Mr. Rite (Rector of St. Matthew's Church) to St. George Church after service they went in to the Rectory and stayed until half past.
eleven - I think his Baptist friends would have thought him in danger - if they could have seen him there with the Reverend Gentlemen Messrs. Roth, Watton, Eaton and Lowell - don't you - and that too after attending service in Grace Church - which they think but one step removed from Rome. Yes sure - when we go to Brooklyn to live - and I take him to hear the Victoriana eloquence - I am sure he will be a Victorian. While it not be delightful - to think I have been the means of winning such a soul as his from the paths of heresy and schism?

The other day - my sweet sister - I read over all your dear letters - beginning at the first - on to the last - oh how I wept over them - their expressions of burning affections melt my heart away and make me like a little child. Oh how I prize such love as you - a cold nature can never know. I have been very low spirited for some time past - My Brother Has gone to Newark to stay this week as there is but little to do on the farm and he has a very advantageous offer in business at Newark - and that makes us very lonely. Then P.s has been and still is affected withague much it seems - and you are suffering I know not how much - besides my dear Johanna has just passed through a dark time in his Spiritual life - It seems for three or four weeks his mind was glumness as might be expected - it has passed away - that awful Stigmata - and the sunlight of God's smile shines again upon his soul; oh - it was fearful - the days in one of his letters - "He has never been so dark - as continually walk in my soul - since I live and believe - so you see my sister I have had some cause to be downcast -

The chilling winds of Autumn are sweeping over the earth - killing the leaves, before the winds - and every thing tells us that the winter with his mantle of snow and brash of icicles will soon be here - The woods begin to put on their many colored garments - the long the woodlands will be one vast sea of flowers. I think it is beautiful when the Rainbows sit down in the fields and paint every leaf with its own bright lines -

Anna sailed yesterday - in the steamer for Liverpool - for Glasgow is doomed to another period of winter souls - I do feel so sorry for her - How dear - Jane - will you not write - or will you not ask your mother to write for you immediately - I am so anxious about you - oh your dear - and you makes my heart ache when I look at it - for your joy is hourly and conjures up a thousand horrible things which may have happened - oh - my darling - I shall be very angry until I know the truth.

Yours as ever - your own loving sister

Elizabeth
MADISO
OCT 2
N.J.

Miss Jane Corp.
Milwaukee,
Wisconsin.
Wednesday 9 Oct.

Oh dear — how one has to
fight on all sides while in
this enemies land —

I expect darling, your pace
time, is like mine, worn
threadbare, to see all this
beautiful weather gliding
away, and you not able
to do anything, provided
your health would let you.

The specimen copies are not
yet here — they are promised
done by this week. We have
concluded to let the 'St Pauls
slate for the present. The
expenses are so great that
we cannot afford it. We
shall have the Cantona only
one style, and that the very
best — and the "Devin" in two
styles - one plain, the second very strong and water proof - and the one colored - pain but so heavy that I don't believe it can be -

ted by hand in water color. Give you could possibly see you could possibly see the colored ones will come high even but as soon as the Specimen No. they will be very charming dates come, I will send you a

and those who know the Portfolio and Specimen - if you the plain ones even at the trade in New York day will can carry it you can begin sell much more readily than to operate - if not you will see the plain ones even at the price. About the New York, when I will see if I ought to can not indefinitely tell cannot continue lighter ones. yet. The Photographs have I am afraid these large gone to nearly $1,000 expense portfolios are going to be in the way of my engaging many

for such large works and

for them, as they had no provision done. After I made another stone I have they could not tell yet what their price would be - we shall learn in a few days. In any way, I saw without help. May went yesterday. Plans engaged a German woman in New York. She was to come this morning, but she did not do. I am out of the training pane.
into the fire.—
I won't care so much about this allay for your sake—but can't help it if I break my head.
How are you?
In an awful hurry.
Your own
Juliet.
Milwaukee Oct 30th 1850

Dear Sister Carrie,

Some kind sisterly letter was duly received, and I assure you met with a cordial reception. Indeed dear Carrie it was my hope to write soon but you well know the various duties of the school girl, so you will do duty the thing neglegence, and so you are sixteen, how well I remember my sixteenth birthday. I was so very childish in my manners I loved nothing then to play sing love fun, but I have change since then I know I home. I feel it. I am older and love become better acquainted with the world I love to sit down quiet by any self and enjoy the sweet reflections of life. Oh so different from the gay thoughtless little thing I was once. As you are now formal
I could not realize it for you always seemed and appeared so much older. You broke mention of the beauty of the earth. Yes it is beautiful, yet I feel sad when I look upon it. With the thought that all it ‘Passing away’ and now the fittest presents to our sight and absolute aspect for the least are laying upon the ground weathered and dead. But I must change from this sad scene and enter upon something more lively. It is a splendid day, it really does one good to behold the sunshine. for one thing not feel one bright ray be three or four days. It has been line down. Friday, this column did not keep before and event of the best was then. So the time hot dropped very slowly and heavily. If I feel not my mind I handle quite delirium. You are teaching school how pleasant it must be where you live so far. I would enjoy it so much.

I sincerely think of going East to school about the last of Dec. if nothing happens to prevent and if it is possible I shall endeavor to go and see you. I may stop for you. I have not been any of your friends in a long time. Not long since I met Amelia and Julia Johnson, and O how delighted they were to see me. They wrote at once after you and if I heard from you after. They looked the same as ever. Do good girls like them. Your Emma and little George love just come in from town love walked.

I must close now for this time as there is much to do. Good bye love little and write often, I will endeavor to answer more frequently than I have done.

Ever Your Amile

Helen Abbott

To Miss Carrie.
Sunday Nov 13th '50.

Dear Sister — I will below transcribe some lines which Johannes sent me a few weeks ago — are they not beautiful or do I judge partially?

To Addie.

Still is the night — peacefully still —
And many a glittering spark,
From many a heavenly hill
Shines in the dark,
With charming light.
So many sparks — so many eyes
Of holy angels watch o'er Thee.

Record thy prayers and all thy secret sighs
And when thy lovely form encaptures in slumber
In captious dreams, tell thee of Heaven —
And me sleep on my stone.

These eyes do never depart,
at day or night, in calm or storm, then art
The object of their watchful love.

Another one which you will like better — it is addressed to me on Sunday evening — when he had just returned from Church, from Trinity Church — my own loved
sacred home — it is immediately opposite his house, and he said that as he sat down by the window the strains of the organ still fell on his ear as the last of the vast congregation was but just passing from the sacred portal — the thought came to his mind if I did not hear it with my spirits can.

To Addie —

Listen! — Hearst thou nothing? — listen — hearst thou not the solemn pealing of an organ in the distance, on the woodland faintly stealing? — solemn, quiet — hearst thou not the solemn pealing? — in the deathly stillness round them has silence come — "Amen" caught — canst thou not perceive it? — listen — in the silence of the dark, it must reach on sacred fountains, they far unison — only dark, and from hill to hill responded, spirits of the night she wanted chants and hymns, and prayers repeating — they must bear their holy greeting. as they whisper to the breathing, to the whisper of the wind — deeply in both meanings — lonely.

In my window shelf reclined — hearst thou? — surely get the music of the final "Amen" heard — it is floating on — now — mark it — mark its deep devotion night, its floating. bend thy ear and mark its floating on the billows of the air. humble, earnest, faithful prayer — hearst thou? — hearst thou?

Amen, heard? —

First with tears thine eyes are loading, with the saints thyself devoting in that lonely solitude — drink'st thou hear this spirit greeting, this holiest, proudest, nearest, chants and hymns, and prayers repeating to the whisper of their breathing — the lonely in the solitude —

Be content! — unseen, unnoticed, many a one bow down with thee, glorious, far-raughted sons of morning, bend in reverence the knee, and a sigh their bosoms swelling, in a sigh — for thee and me!

You will find in this as in the other poem I sent you many inaccuracies of language — but I know you will excuse them — you know he is a
foreigner and his acquaintance with the language is quite superficial.

Since I wrote you last I have had the pleasure of kneeling with him, my loved one—twice, at our sacred altar to partake together of "Angels' Food."—Oh, it was a blessing—for which I was very thankful—he seems to like the Church very much—and I hope the day is not far distant when I shall see him kneel to receive the Apostolic blessing—when "the ghostly shower from holy hands" shall descend upon his dear head.

His Diary lies beside me on the table will you pardon me if I give you an extract from it—written in the evening of the day when we first communed together—you must not laugh at the lover-like expressions in it—I write it for you that you may know his feelings in regard to that communion for I know my sweet sister is interested in what so deeply concerns the spiritual interests of my best beloved. Is it not so?

Sunday evening 10 p. m. Oct 6—Before short time—came home from the house of Mr. Doolittle—a acquaintance
both of mine, and my own darling Addie, where she stays this night. She came last Friday from Madison to stay a few days in Newark with her friends. I have spent the whole day past with her at Trinity Church, opposite my house. Being a member of that Church, and nourished within her sacred walls since her earliest childhood, she clings to it with an uncommon, unfeigned attachment. As it is the first Sunday in the month — it was Communion Day, and we both for the first time knelt down together before the Altar, to partake of the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Oh, with what feelings I did it! I was almost overpowered, and have had but very few such Communion days in my whole life. What an ocean of emotions swept upon my Spirit! I shall and can never forget this day! Since a considerable time — some or other circumstances have deprived me of the privilege to commune with the Saints and celebrate the Commemoration of the Death of Christ — and now it was at the side of the Bride of my heart, my dear, my precious companion of my lifetime, and in a Church which I do not profess to belong to save in the common faith, in the Redemption by the blood of one Saviour, and the hope of one Eternal inheritance in the kingdom of the Father whose we all are. This day had drawn me closer to my Addie. It has made my love for her more intense, more indelible, and pure. God be thanked for such a holy — unfilmed — mind as hers; she is a gift of Grace, a heavenly blessing to me — how can I value that gift highly enough?"

Oh — how he would scold me if he knew that I had written this to you — he has gone to Newark, to return to work on the next day. His brother Fred arrived a few days ago from Germany — a fine fellow he is too — he has large black, brown eyes — black hair and a jaw — when godlike intellect but he pressed his head on every feature. We and I went to Newark on Tuesday last, and it came on to rain very violently when we were on the road. We left the rental at home as he was in a hurry with his work — when I got to Newark I went to Freddie's school room and the first thing he told me was that Fritz had arrived and they had written three letters to Johannes. But the first
received none of them - I remained there while Franklin, went and bought the new importation down with him and then I insisted upon his going home with me. The worst of it was he could not speak a word of English, but he concluded to go - so we started (leaving him in Newarket and the rain pouring in torrents) when we had gone about half a mile a part of the homes gone way and the horse was loose from the waggon. I did not know what was the matter neither could I make him understand me by signs or words. I finally got out of the wagon in the midst of the mud and went up to the next street (for we had not yet got out of town) where I found a gentleman who kindly came to my assistance - We met I thanked about half way - he walked down to meet me as he thought I would drive back alone - Two such happy creatures I have seldom seen - Tally looks like a child - If I like him so much, he is a perfect specimen of a wild German student - He is studying Medicine - I have already taught him some English - he understands the language grammatically, but does not know to speak it - but he soon will. He plays flute, guitar and violin and sings very finely - Oh, Jane! I wish you could have heard the music we had here last evening - songs of the mountains - wild, glorious Bavarian and Scotch songs, such as make the recesses of the mighty Alps resound - Mr. Bidel sings tenor and Miss Barnes. Oh, you would have enjoyed it I know.

I have received your two letters - I cannot tell you how I am rejoiced to know that you are "very well." I feared that these autumnal winds had filled your dear frame with anguish and it is not so - Oh, that I could see you - I am impatient for the Springtime - I hope to press you to my heart - here in my cottage home
In one thing I am disappointed, I hoped you could have been here to witness my Bridal - but I'm glad that your Father and Mother - and remaining Brother will probably come to America next Summer - and I don't know that I shall be married before they arrive which will perhaps be late in the Fall. It is so far ahead that we can make no calculation for certainty - but at present it seems expedient to delay our marriage for a time.

Mary's dear Baby - what is it's name? - how glad you must be to have such a darling pet! - I hope that Mary is better than when you wrote - I was sorry to hear she continued so very weak. Virginia and Sandford were up here last week - all the Brook lyn folks were fine. Byron left this month to take up his winter quarters at Madison. Write to me soon nearest - why do you suffer such a long time to elapse between your letters? It either makes me think you are sick or else that you imagine I love your less and do not care to receive them. I can write no more Mamma is away and I am housekeeper - Give my best love to your Mother and Mary.

I am as ever yours own sister

Julia

I thank you very much for the little lock of hair - I shall prize it very much.

Julia.
Halls of Science, Nov. 10th, 1850.

Dear dear Emma,

Is not my darling sister again laid low by the hand of sickness? Is not her luster eye once more dimmed & her cheek made pale than wont by the ravages of that monster whose none can conquer? Is she not once more at the portals of that gate, from the “vortex of which no traveler returns”? — I feel it to be but too true—perhaps the portals of that gate have closed upon her, & I am never more to see her gentle face & hear her sweet voice—sad, sad is the thought, but the loveliest of Earth's flowers are always the first to be transplanted from this world of sin & sorrow, to that bright & beautiful world on high, where the God of glory & his angels dwell—but, this is undoubtedly wearing to you, & I will therefore cease the record of my melancholy chains.

I am seated in the recitation room, in full
view of the new Catholic Church, but my thoughts are far
away from the noble structure, the beacon of so many hopes,
no
about to be realized; they are concentrated on one being who
one thinks little low in a land far from the home of her
father.

Think not, dear sister, that you have been forgotten, because
I have not written to you since last I was at school; I
could have found much more easily than I have been
able to. Mother has been sick for three weeks past & I have been
at home. I was very sorry to be obliged to be absent from
school, on account of myself, though I studied at home, &
because Mrs. Beecher (Mrs. Thomas), was expected to honor us
with an interview. She came twice to visit the school, in
any absence - I was very sorry. The scholars crowded
around him, eager for but a look from him, the teachers
much
except as they were obliged to leave the room. The girls
led him about the building, while the boys gave three
cheers for him twice & three rounds for Mr. Beecher once.
Mr. Beecher, after the devotional exercises, arose & said

"Mrs. Beecher, your former teacher, will please to ad-
duce you, & being present at this time, & he spread
out his arms, & then started himself. The scholars,
although everyone crying, could not refrain from
laughing at his odd announcement. Mr. Beecher
get up in his amiable, natural way, & began with,
I really don’t know what to say to you, but I found some of his own beautiful remarks, telling them he intended to visit Cincinnati, to return & take up his residence in Brooklyn, or Hartford, saying that he would visit them again, & cordially inviting them to write to him. He was a faithful worker in the cause of Education, & labor for the High School, even when his connection with it was dissolved, with an assistant, unequalled. He broke laskets on write astonishment, he had just begun to appreciate the teacher whom in one of his critiques he said he hoped he should never be like. This evening, for it is 10 o’clock in the evening, he had but just begun to write the questions for the examination of seven classes, tomorrow next day. The teachers thought it quite late, but refused to call, saying it was not their duty.

They raised a petition for the re-establishment of officeship, obtained the scholars’ signatures & Mr. broke fully imprest with the doctrine of non-resistance passively contented. During my absence from school he had been a bright chab in Chemistry of two girls. Major Ripley visited our school; after he had gone Mr. Brooks asked the teachers “What an old codger was?” He is not going to stay only this week, I am told, but I fear it is not to.

I intend to find time in the vacation to write to you some time must be spent studying
Trigonometry for my class book it up, practiced it some during my absence, & I am bound to regain all that I have lost by my absence.

And now dear Sarah, that I have told you enough do what you may infer that our school is in a miserable state, & unhappy condition, far different from what it once was; I will tell you about myself in hopes that you will imitate my example by telling me about yourself. I am well, but very lonely, missing an absent sister, more than tongue can tell, longing for her return with a despairing heart.

Wednesday Eve.

Once more I resume my letter. I should have finished it before but for the pressure of school duties. Better days & today we have been engaged in preparing an examination similar to those instituted by Mr. Becker. It is through the school is closed & I am glad. It had been much easier than usual, & I would have been quite proud for the benefit of Mr. Becker. We wrote over a hundred questions in a notebook, caught cold, overworked himself, & was sick with a high fever yesterday. To-day he is much better, - we have heard deceit the breaking of a fine violin string.

I called on Mrs. Parker yesterday. She was very sick, & said if she had not heard of Mrs. James & I have not seen for a long time. She asked her husband when our brother was sick. Walked some a clock at night. He did not like her appearance. Perhaps you remember I spoke of a piece of wood which was destroyed where their room at home, & the blackbird of the Bilious Fever two weeks. Her name was Elizabeth Frenchhill.

Mrs. Bowens showed me a long letter which she had received from Ohio. She wrote to a Mr. All three of the same name & addressed to show if he was a native of New England, having to trace out some brother of her husband's. He wrote not much, that he was not, but gave the genealogy & history of his family, farther back than the revolution, hoping that the weights of an old man were always full, & the sons of seventy winters had purchased. When he came to say that the youngest of his brood, the wife of Mr. Willard, who now fills the presidential chair, he could not refrain...
Brooklyn, Nov 20th 1850.

My own dear Jeannie—

Day after day has flown away from me, and four weeks have elapsed since you left me, and still I have not written to you—but how much I have thought of you—that sweet, darling is a bright spot to remember, for we all—see talk of you every day—I was amused when a few days ago Louisa Dyer, the friend who was my Bridesmaid came to mail me—I tried to make my children like her—but did not succeed very well. Before she came down stairs in the morning I was talking to Lily, and I asked him if he did not love "Aunt Louisa" very much? After some hesitation he said, "Yes ma'am, she is very nice, but not half so nice as Jeannie, I wish she would come back again, don't you? Your portrait has gone to New York to be framed, before long it will be hunged—and then we can see you every day. I was glad to hear
that you had a pleasant journey, and arrived at home without any mishap—
how I enjoy the thought that you can think of me and mine just as we are—shutting
home as familiar to you, and myself
and children as no longer being of the im-
agination to you. Perhaps the reality is still
good than your ideal—still it is the truth.

Another thing was here this morning. I bought
me a new German Prayer Book. I am studying
in real earnest now, to the neglect of my
earning. But, I must expect to have
the time to spare so I must take it.

The affair in regard to the "Cресурс home
remain in status quo." Mr. Morgan’s letter was
very delayed, when it came at last, he said
he had been waiting for the decision of his son
to show the property belonged, and was still
waiting that if he must give an immediate
answer he should have to decline selling, but
that if he could wait a short time he did
not doubt that matters could be arranged to
the satisfaction of all parties. Johannes wrote
him that a decision was not necessary
before the first of January—and so the
matter rests. I will telegraph you by letter
as the Daddy said—of anything further occurs.
I feel perfectly easy in regard to it—it is an
important step to take, one which may change
the circumstances of our whole future earthly
existance. But it is in God’s hands. If he desires
and that it will be for our good, we can easily
bring the matter about—If not, then in the mean
let me give up the project—we will say with Moses
"if Thou goest with us, let us not go up thither."

Last evening we attended the opening of Mrs. Levy’s
Gallery of the Fine Arts—And spent a delightful
evening. How I wished for you—These pictures
how you would enjoy them! The Dusseldorf
collection which I wished you to see has been
removed to this magnificent hall, and they
look glorious. The "Martyrdom of St. " By
Leysing, I saw for the first time—it don’t what
a good and solemn impression that picture
makes upon the feeling mind. In connection
with this splendid essay of German Art, there
is a collection of old pictures - genuine - representing Christian Art in its development from the earliest infancy until the time of Raphael. They are not beautiful - with few exceptions at least - some of them are revolting - yet I was intensely interested in the study of them, and I deeply touched by the evidence of earnest love and devotion which they manifested.

Ah, dearest - our Artists do not paint because it is a part of their life to do so, as did those men of old. In the latter part of the evening we were invited up stairs where a splendid supper was provided - and of course amid the popping of Champagne corks, and the clashing of the oyster, salads, creams, jellies for every body grew very good natured, and Mr. Darby, the Aladdin, by whose magic this elegant Temple of Art has arisen in our midst, as well as the supper and entertainment which inaugurated its opening - was voted by the unanimous voice of the assembly as the prince of good fellows, and entitled to the gratitude of the public, and of the company present. Several speeches were made, full of wit and humour - the room resounded again and again with "Hip, hip, hurray, Darby" toasts were drank, and all went "smixy as a marriage bell": I think this is the country.
of a new era in the art of America. Heretofore
the poor maiden has been obliged to hide
her diminished head in big corners, and
shloomy masks,—her twin sister Painting has been
honored with palatial homes—and all
their architecture and decorations could
do, has been done, in order to draw the multi-

tude to pay their devotions at her feet. But
soon all, how forsaken and forlorn she has
been left—now the case is different. The
building which Mr. Derby has erected is a gem
of art itself, and in those stately galleries one
is made to feel the importance of the beautiful
creations therein contained. When you come
again darling, you must enjoy that treat
first of all—can't you come and spend
the holidays with us? It would be so pleasant
wouldn't it?

Magdalena has been sick ever since you went
away, though I am happy to be able to add she
is much better—perhaps you remember that she
complained of a pain in her side while you were
here—it became so much worse after you left that
the Monday following I took her over to New York to
see what our old physician Dr. Ains would say about her. He said her lungs was badly affected, and she was suffering from Burns. The suggestion of going over to the city proved too much for her, and she was confined to her bed for some days in consequence. She is able to study her lessons again this week, and she looks quite like herself.

I was so sorry to hear of your disappointment I knew so well what it is, that my sympathy can be perfect. Poor Child, it is so hard to think of your beautiful little toes and dimples. If I had only been rich, how one would have walked over to Chickamauga and ordered one of his grand pianos to be packed for Bedfort, but I was not — and I fear never will be, and what more I don’t want to be, if it will disturb my heart’s peace. It does some people’s. That is all I ever did sort riches for, that I might be enabled to make other hearts glad — and see my husband enabled to carry on his grand designs. I thought last night as I stood before those great works. why was it that he is not permitted to execute them, his designs — greater in thought and composition than any around me — but God knows best, perhaps in a higher sphere his faculties will be allowed to expand for some good men have supposed that the next state of existence will allow of the exercise of those glorious gifts, as well as of Music. And I do not know why it should not be so. I do not believe we shall all be Him ghosts impalpable vapors, spending eternity only a song — the angels do not expect us, they work continually — doing His will. “Are they not all ministering spirits?”

He is painting now upon his “Sabbath Morning” it will be a sweet picture, considering it an animal piece. He has also made a small scriptural design of him who came forth riding on a white horse “conquering and to conquer.” It is the figure of the Saviour seated upon a noble horse, which proudly treads the clouds, a glory of light behind, and overarched by a rainbow. The Saviour has upon His head.
The triple crown, and around his forehead
the crown of thorns, in his hand the scepter
leaving the globe and the cross. It is intended
as a type of the advancement and all
conquering power of Christianity. He intends
to paint it soon. The color will be fine.
He will treat it in the style of the Angel Cherub
which hangs over between the windows in the
parlor—the dark figure upon the white horse
against the glory—robed in red and purple,
and the rainbow encircling all.

I think I have made ample amends for
my silence by this long rambling letter. I did
not intend to write half so much when I com-
menced. I ask the children what they wish
to say to you—Lenor says that she wants to see
you too badly—and Fisk says I tell her we
want her over here—If Barnes were here
he would wish to be kindly remembered

to you—we all missed you so very much
I did not like to look at the lounge for a
good while after you went away.

My love to your Mother. All who care to receive
it from me—did you not tell me that Mr. Sage
lived at Windsor Cr.? Our friend Bellows, the artist,
is living there—we saw him last night—and Mr. Bellows
suggested that if we could not go to Aurora—we might
go there too, he seems determined to move in the coun-
try.
Our school is very small. Many have gone away. Perhaps I will come to Milwaukee to teach. I wish I could. I am well, thank you, Mother is quite comfortable. Give my love to all who care to engage about one.

Yours truly, rich. 1859...

Write me as soon as possible. I write your mother, but shall not send.
might see the innumerable 
birds, in them

I am sorry you were 
unfortunate as to fall from
stairs. I hope it did 
not hurt you seriously.

Britain’s patience must
be almost interminable. She
sent her love “without any
return at all.” Give her my love.

You wonder if Raymond is 
at home? It is an artificial
month. I guess she had
another fit of school. I am
unusually violent one too. I
imagine he has been to school;
quickly about a month
during the Examination No.
Every one who saw his ex-
amination paper remarked
how scrupulously neat his
work, & how well the letters
were made. I wish you could
see them.

The Examination of candi-
dates is over. The teachers are
indeed glad. Section B were
at school, & asked them some-
what Mrs. Brisk acted like of
missing. Deacon Scottson called
at the school house this P.M.
He was just as pleasant &
happy as ever. He said the
would not be one of the com-
mitee again for anything—there
were some of the committee
with whom he would not
come in contact.

Mary must indeed have
cares—her family is so large.
What will Helen say if
you tell her. Helen is a trouble
she will probably try her
mouth, & assist her father in
did. I know you cannot have
forgotten what she said when
she was married.

Susan has forgotten to
write to you. I guess I will
remind her to her promise.
The coming Christmas
will not be passed as pleas-
antly as the last, with ne-
cessity how with Helen.
Mrs. Hoare’s poem I like
very much. But not as well
as this verse above.
There was an arrival in our family, similar to the one in yours, on the 28th of October. A "little" girl, blue-eyed & black-haired, with fingers so long they remind me of yours. She is now most four weeks old, & the best-natured little baby I ever saw. a perfect paragon of good nature, for an infant. I wish I could see your baby—what does it look like? What color is its hair? What color are its eyes? Kiss it for me & give my love to it. May it live to be as handsome as its Aunt Jane, as talented as its mother, & as warm & sincere a friend of my little sister, as you have ever been of mine. What shall our baby's name be? Little Jane says its name is "Maymy" Post, St. Post said this. (I wish you would burn this note, after reading.)

I am glad if you like Milwaukee, but I cannot help thinking you will never return to New York, even for a visit.
Dear Sister,

It is but a short time since I last wrote to you, but having an indelible mark for our interpriciation, with you, & knowing it to be impossible, I turn to the only consolation accessible, that of a communion by letter. I have had a very violent melancholy fit. It had been on over a month, & its violence is but little abated. During the time I have had visions of you almost every night. In three of them I saw you in Hartford. How shall I write to them? I am afraid the little stranger in your city, will claim you to the place with claims so strong they cannot be knocked over for an hour of sufficient length to attend you to write the back even for a moment.

Showers of blessings, big as watermelon on the defenseless heads of the committee - they have been guilty of doing one good action, viz. that of depending with their horse. Truly some signs of the indescribable. He has not met with may be traced; for instance, some favorite handkerchief of his have, by the vigilant & kind hands of his pupils, been arranged in meaning - particularly the reflection from where he heard his composition class, on the board.
of which is just a black ink rag. She is going to study to become a physician!!!! The committee treated him handsomely. They are to have the place as teacher for three months, at the end of which time they hope to inform him whether they wished for his services. The evening before, he waited for an answer, but received none, sent in his resignation, and still receiving no answer went to his home in N. Y. to spend Thanksgiving. The next day after receiving, the night before school commenced, the intelligence that they thought best to dispense with his services. School commenced Monday of this week. The time our new principal and our principal are the Principal. The Committee requested time. The Head of none, but the town took the list. We guessed the animal can walk now, and quickly, it was quickened. I quite as well as when the other was at its head. It had traveled almost daily.

Our lesson is a bit out of but three schools. Will freight by week or week, but going to leave the first of February. May God bless them. What is coming back? June Gold, thursday wrote a real good day on Mrs. Barnes, yesterday. To have it and breakfast from garden to cellar.

Edna had read Macaulay's History of England last term, and now we are almost at the beginning. More's History of England. We have come to trigonometry, having finished trigonometry class. Know how not what to do with us.

The week before Thanksgiving week she had come home to spend the vacation. She had received your letter the day before she left Westfield. If she answers it, you may probably have to wait an insufficiently long time.
Mercy Underhill wrote to her, & she waited a long time, & then answered her letter. The answer arrived in Brooklyn the day she was buried.

I went to see Miss Powers this morning. She was well, but filled with blanks & amazement that you did not write to her. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," remember.

Thursday, Dec. 12th.

I wrote several times between the 8th & Dec. 12th but forgot to date the paragraphs written at different times.

This morning Mr. Underhill was installed among us, as principal of the High School. He is from Nashville College. He brings "lots of credentials," some of which were read to us, by E. Connor Turner, who introduced him to us. He is the socialist looking school teacher I ever heard the honor of seeing. Now well be is qualified for the charge of our school. Remaining to be seen is, according to his credentials, it would seem that he could without any difficulty work miracles with the most obdurate school in Shattucktown. His personal appearance is more than Mr. Turner's, decidedly. He is very gracious to see, & being more like a gentleman than one of a liberal mind, for it is very curious to become acquainted with him.

Friday, Dec. 13th.

Our new principal has made several speeches to us. Some of them were not very polite, I think. He intended to have no understanding that he would have to have his own way, to be conciliated by giving the history of his clothes, saying that they were made in Boston, etc. that it was suggested to him that they were old & threadbare, & that we probably did not like the looks
I am, but if he should know Mr. Cooper's clothes & put them on, they would not be hid; A strange letter writing of a demoralizing doctor, they smiled long Mrs. Endfield. I concluded by saying that he promised me research, while I was to read Mr. Beecher's sermon. A man must have imitations of affirmation, not distinctly audible. if he had put up to vote there would not have been a dissenting voice.

Both of the younger Batterie girls attend the High School. It has ten free courses. It looks beautifully, & reminds me of the time when I used to comb my hair. How I wish I did dared to brush it, do now.

If I do, shall have one would title Baymond to take off this big instrument. It makes me feel to see him since it is on in the horset.

January 24th, 37.

This sudden mail! A thousand times, I read the first from friend of his near & kind position.

I received some letter dear December the 1st of this month, I had waited almost one month. He had begun to think "one idea bad dissolved all friendships." I felt quite assured - I had the blind all this week before I could get any news. Two clear days after this letter at a part of it, we old, but remember I will tell from one month. The successor is not liked as well as he was, in fact he seems an angel of mercy when compared with Baymond to which.

A member of the High School was buried two years ago. She was my dear Batterie - she always reminded me of you. I used to hear the name of the last boy that had always, day after day, hear the name of the hammer and hammer. It seems I will tell from one month. The successor is not liked as well as he was, in fact he seems an angel of mercy when compared with Baymond to which.

J. W. added that the High School was buried two years ago. She was my dear Batterie - she always reminded me of you. I used to hear the name of the last boy that had always, day after day, hear the name of the hammer and hammer. It seems I will tell from one month. The successor is not liked as well as he was, in fact he seems an angel of mercy when compared with Baymond to which.
My going sister—I received your letter but did not answer it
as I knew you must have received the last one I wrote a few days
after yours was mailed. How glad I am to know that
your health continues so good—that you do not suffer and are able
to attend the sanctuary—assures me I thank God for his mercy to you.
I feared that the chilling winds of winter would lay you again upon
the bed of pain—I am, indeed, very thankful that it is not so. Oh,
your mother must be very happy to see you as well, would that
I could see you; I am only feeling you pale and suffering for
I have never seen you otherwise. You can go to church this
Sure—Oh, what a blessed privilege—I never knew how to
enjoy it as it deserves until I was deprived of it. Now at this holy
Advent season I feel the deprivation doubly keen and so long
for the coming Sundays. I was so happy the first Sunday in
Advent, and with my Beloved one, spent it at the foot where
our lawn spread. Oh! It was a lovely day, one that both of us will
desire to remember. I think I may tell you, Joanne, that Mr. Berteel,
the landlord, has not talked to me, in as many words to say
he said as much to me as that he would become a member of
the Church when we go to Brooklyn. On the Monday morning
following Advent Sunday, he attended a Baptism at the "House
of Prayer" of an infirm man. Mr. Whitlock, do you remember the
man I spoke to you of once as being such a lovely one—of
my little friends who called himself "The genuine Chocobo," he
had given him another treasure and all the clothes in his
family's care, and the Chocobo said: It is a
daughter—all the rest are boys. It is a lovely blue-eyed table
and oh, it seemed such a holy gift—that pure unbiassed infirm
splitly told me—I was staying at Mrs. Whitlocks and I wished Mr. Berteel to go
very much. But knowing his Baptist prejudices I would not ask
him for he has so kindly yielded to my wishes in religious matter
that I see all possible liberty in regard to interfering with his views.
I think it is due to him that I should. I was very much delighted
when after we returned from Church on Sunday evening Mr. W.
asked him if he would not accompany us in the evening. He
expressed his willingness and pleasure and so he went. I will
see that his heart was touched by the solemn scene. So you
know Jane that it was our thought together., At the laying of
the cornerstone of the "House of Prayer" that we just went to, it was
The consecration took place on the 2nd of November, just
as you from the day the cornerstone was laid. But dear,
it is almost dark and I must stop. Mamma bids me go and she
writes to me for the present Good Bye.
Two weeks ago my sister made an attempt to write to you. I was in an hurry as I was leaving for school, and I did not see that my paper was upside down. I wrote not altogether much. The snow is falling fast—every thing, as far as the eye can reach, is clad in spots of white. I love a snow-storm. There is music in it. A gentle subdued music, yet it is very sweet. It is2 astonishing to see how ever read N. P. Willis’s "Unwritten Music?" The song of this music of the falling snow. I realize any dream of another world, where music is intuitive like a thought, and comes only when it is remembered and then be continues. The wood also has a melodious "unwritten music." You will hear its chimes short in the dead of a clear night as if the leaves had been splintering like arrows on the ground, and you listen to it the more earnestly, that it is the going on of one of the most cunning and beautiful of Nature’s deep mysteries. I know nothing so wonderful as the shooting of a chime. I have read its principles as set forth in the imaginary eye of the Philosopher and we must be content to gaze on its mystery beauty, and listen in mute wonder to the music of its invisible workmanship. It is too fine a burden for us. We shall comprehend it when we know how the "ringing stars come together." Is not that very poetical verse if you have never read "Unwritten Music?" I wish you could.

It has been a lovely Sunday here. Neither my brother nor I am able to come to home as Wednesday night it is Christmas, they will come on Tuesday morning to stay a few days. It looks snow, so if there might be sleighing on Christmas, and if there is it will be very lovely here: I love to hear the sleigh bells. I think that Poe in his last poem speaks as pretty of them.

"O'er the boughs with the hales,
Sleigh Bells, Sleigh Bells,
Sleigh Bells, Sleigh Bells,
Sleigh Bells, Sleigh Bells,
Sleigh Bells, Sleigh Bells."

"What a world of melody their harmony for tells;
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle in the air of night,
While the stars that overspread them,
All the leaves seem to twinkle,
With a crystalline delight."

"Keen time, time, time,
In a sort of Rumin phrase,
To the tetractys that so musically swell,
From the hales, hales, hales, hales, hales,
Hales, hales, hales;"

"The sleighing made the slumber of the hales."

"Alas from Poe—his star soon set—Alas that such a mind should so soon go down in darkness! Listen do you know Poe's "Raven" methinks it can hardly be that one who loves poetry as you do should not have seen that poem if you have.
The darkness again caused me to consider very plainly what this area is over and the lamp lighted the certain clear bream and everything settled for the evening. I will try to finish my letter for judging by myself, I think you must be anxious to hear from me. If so, it is good since I received a line from you dear hand. Some - don't you love a winter evening? I think there is no greater picture of comfort than a winter picture. The room in which I am sitting is small - a bright fire is burning in the stone - the easy chair sits my father in the corner, by aid of a near cracker, he seems to be enjoying the warmth on the upper side, of which sits my mother with her little - a poor girl whom we have taken in and just who is reading, while I am sitting written in a way for your benefit. Have you done? I think here are all the comforts which are needed to make this a delightful place for you to live in. Have I been remembering you who are deprived of them.

How soon the year will be over and I scarcely realize it - has been a fruitful and a changeful year. 1852 is a

year to be forgotten year in my life. At first, I have enjoyed much but upon that - the more I think I have seen more of happiness than of misery. One thing I know of my sister - I know that my Christian life has advanced during the past year. I feel that I am growing in grace. And if it is to be thought that as I come nearer to the grave and to eternity that I am more prepared for it. My hopes of earthly happiness are very much subdued - not the standing on unexcited union with any honor one - for whatever our imagination reveals in the hope of future happiness on earth, something seems to bid me know - and rather place my hopes in heaven - at, since I have learned God means - upon deceiving me to trust in man - Do not understand and never place my desires upon other people - no. Only give a separation - real, with your favorite sister, Mrs. Pinnear. If it is a peaceful thing that love and part should dwell in the same world. For since I think every day - what if one of us should die - then would the better of the other must trust in our people. Rather be who gave us to each other and my daily prayer is - that our faith may be strengthened and we may be enabled to say "Not my will, but thine be done."
I think that every thoughtful mind must be solemnly impressed
by the close of the year, in a correspondent of the "Southern Literary
Messenger" published the following in its columns for this month— which
I think will please you as much as it has me.

The dying Year,

Watch on the column night!
How the funeral winds are sighing!
Breathing a requiem sad and low;
For the gray old Year is dying.

Darkness both spreads its spell,
And Time his steps seem slaying,
Now slowly doth their echo fall
Through the silent chamber slaying.

Hush! it is so peaceful now—
And the hour to dread and holy;
His breath is faint, and his pulses clipe,
More fitfully and slowly;
His eye is gleaming now—
Hush! slight on thy sighing!
Be still and gage on his pallid brow
For the gray old year is dying.

Will may thy heart be bad—
Will may thine eye be weeping—
For many a hope and joy of thine
Death be in his silent keeping.

They pass with the dying year,
And their light knows no returning,
And they shall sorrow for the fleeting ray
That passed like a meteor's shining.

Come now— come how the dow—
In the dust beside him kneeling,
Think— how fit the column claims?
Is the death knell for him pealing?

Wouldst thou call this dying back?
Adieu! for the vain endeavor!
Eleven! Twelve! it is over now.
He is dead—he is gone forever.

A. M. E.

It was beautiful. It brings the tears to mine eyes as often
as I read it. But darling, I am almost at the end of my paper—will you not write me soon a very long letter and
tell me again that I shall see you at the spring time? Oh, I do so long for a letter from you. I came this battle on Sunday last
at Bemidji and I told him I was going to write to you to say he
said "give my best love to Sister Jane and with her a Merry
Christmas and a Happy New year for me." So his good wishes
I join in— and with them the warmest love of an
Sister's heart. Give my love to your Mother and many. What is
her last name? Has it been changed?

Do hardly write very soon to your own Sister.

Alice.
Brooklyn — Wednesday 2 8 2/12 PM

My own dear sister,

I did not, from circumstances which I will explain hereafter, get your letter until Monday evening — I came down from Morris's yesterday and for the express purpose of seeing you — I called at Taylor's Hotel this morning hoping to find you — but alas, was disappointed — I thought that before I started for New York this afternoon I would write a few lines and leave it there, in case I did not find you there, to tell you that I will be in town until next Wednesday, and when you arrive, if you will send your card to 219 Atlantic St, I will be immediately at your side.

Your loving sister Patience.
Sunday Afternoon, 3rd

My Dear Sir:

I received your note about two weeks ago, and then, thought, I would either come immediately or write. But sickness and death my dear friend has prevented.

Sister Mary has lost her dearest little boy the one you remember. She called Birdy, a dear child she was to her, and we all deeply mourned his loss. And he was so sudden; it was
I do indeed wish to come to see you, but you see my dear to my bright anticipations have been blunted, till Ellen I shall certainly by being there when I do come, she talks much about coming. The Children often speak of you, what a delightful day this has been, I went over the river to. Chuck this morning, heard an excellent discourse, I said if it is I presume you remember a long walk. Miss Alexander is still at Mrs. Parkel. I like her much. Mrs. Pain was sure a few ago on business, he said I asset you at my Farm, tell her about your I expect of course to go see her mother.

After I wrote you Anne Jenny, Charlie and Ida and the Marshall, so you see the state of my not writing you this.

She felt as though she could not m space yet.
I come. I do hope we may not have any more winter, we have had an extremely cold one though it was not so short. I often see Mr and Mrs Knight, she said a few weeks ago when I spoke of going up that I must let him know for he wanted to send some Philosophie to you. You then think he will have to send more sat.

Pop says tell Jenny she is ready any time for her. I presume you know you left a pair of under things I will bring them if I shou.

ld have the good luck to get. This it is almost dark I must stop I intend to go down to Chock. This evening it is so delightful out, please give my best love to Jane, Dear Mother and Sister and a good wish for yourself Ever Yours S. M.
Madison Jan 27th 1851.

My dear sister — how very long it is since I heard from you — and your last letter travelled so much before it reached me. It was missent to some other Madison — but finally arrived at its destination. I have looked for another — as I have received no answer to any last — but it does not come — and as you accused me of not writing often enough I thought the best thing I could do would be to write again.

I do not write as often as I used to — nor as lengthy letters as I used to — I know — but darling it is not that I love you less — far from it — in the first place — last winter you were sick and suffering — and I felt it my duty to try and cheer you with letters of encouragement, but now you are so much better and can go out, and mingle in society — and go to the sanctuary — I think you do not need my letters as you did then. And another thing — my mind, then was in an unsettled state — I had much trouble of trouble last winter done — and we anticipate moving in the country. So, I cannot tell you all I had to disturb me — and then I flew to my pen and all my wild thoughts I poured out to you — Now my mind is more peaceful and composed than then — and one is even at my side to soothe and cheer me — (you see darling, I am candid — I know you will not love me the less for it) — I do not write to any one as much as I used to — Virginia has had to complain this fall — for the first time, in her life — that I did not write to her. Jane — my sister — do not misunderstand me — I love you as fondly as ever — your little miniature is ever in my pocket — and not a day passes but I gaze on the dear face — and often at the twilight. I wonder
if my Jane thinks of me. I have the idea that you think I love you less — but dearest one, it is not so. You are still my own dearest lister — and not one day passes but I think and speak of you. Oh, tell me that you believe it — even though I do not write as often as before. I have candidly told you the reason why I do not make an entry in my diary now once in a week and of the time I wrote so much to you — I used some days to fill two pages in it. Mine is an impulsive nature — not in its affections — no one they are constant — but in such things as writing. Composing I go by impulses — last winter where a week passed but I wrote some poetry — during the summer I have not attempted to write one line. Dear sister — write to me every soon will you not — and tell me all how you are and how you passed the holidays — I hope you had a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Oh, I hope indeed that this year will be a happy one to you — and tell me dearest if you are coming to the last this spring. Oh, when I think of my disappointment of last spring my eyes fill with tears even yet. — It was almost more than I could bear. I have not been to New York or Brooklyn since. Only think of it — why it seems an eternity since I have seen Aunt Sarah — the rest of the folks I have seen here, Virginia is at present deeply interested in the merits of cotton and thread lace — she expects a little stronger in the spring. I hope she will have better luck than she did before.
The Brooklyn folks are all pretty well — I have not had a letter from Ginie very lately, but I received one this evening from my friend Amelia Northbone — dear child, she is sick — her letter is all so plaintive it made me weep. Oh, I know you would love Amelia if you knew her — she is a lovely girl — we have been friends for many years.

Oh, that I dared anticipate seeing you in the Spring — you said nothing about coming in your last letter — oh, dear one — do, do come — that I may look in those dear eyes once more. If you come Mr. Blake shall draw your portrait for me and make the eyes look at me — oh, I wish this one would! The Spring time will soon be here. Indeed we have had such pleasant weather all this month that it seems like Spring already.

Archie arrived home a few days before Christmas — I am glad that he has passed through the dangers of the sea once more in safety. The steamer which sailed immediately after the one in which he came (the Atlantic) has not yet been heard of, and she has been out a month. How fearfully anxious those must feel who have friends on board of her.

Tuesday evening — I was compelled to stop last night before my letter was finished — I am all ready now to go up to the village to Church — Oh, is it not a very blessed privilege? I hope that the beginning of another year will see a Church edifice here — at present — as I think I told you before — we consecrate the Methodist Meeting house by a weekly
Mrs. Rankin is an excellent preacher, and thus far the services have been very well attended. He is a whole-hearted Christian man—there is no half way about him—I thank God that he has raised him up to bring forth such abundant fruit to his glory—he was nurtured in the family of his parents being the rankest kind of Presbyterian, but God has led him in the right path—surely he is one of His chosen ones. He has seen much trouble though still quite a young man. While at college he privately married a young lady—and then his father found it out. He did not like it because she was poor. So as his son was under age he obtained a divorce for him. Charles waited with patience until he was twenty-one, and then when freed from his father's control he went to Princeton where she lived and remarried her. His love for her has always seemed unbounded. But alas, she was not worthy of him. She proved to be a woman of very violent temper—her passion sometimes seeming to determine her reason—she ill treated her children—she had two—both of them are dead—when the last one died she thought her ill-treatment had killed it and it so worked upon her mind that she became crazed. She is now in the insane asylum at Hope House.

She is now the inmate of a insane asylum a hopeless lunatic. Is it not dreadful? At first it seemed as if the poor fellow would sink under the dreadful affliction—but God tempers the wind to the storm and does not chasten his children beyond what they are able to bear. He has quite recovered his health and has given himself up entirely to the Church. I trust he will go the path he has chosen, and which as it is, join that peace which the world has denied him.

But Mamma hurries me—I am obliged to stop—soon I will be joining in the holy family's prayers and blessings which you love dear sister as well as I do. Give my best love to your Mother and to Brother and for yourself—you know you have the warmest love of your Sister's heart.

Julia.
Madison Sunday Eve, March 18th '51.

Dear Sister — I have been looking anxiously for a letter from you for I have hoped that the next letter would tell me that you were making ready for a journey to the East. You said you would come this spring time — and back it was not to come. Surely you were not going to disappoint me. I have thought of you much. Oh, my darling Jane — how glad I should be to see you. I should be almost wild with joy — indeed I should! When I think of the cruel disappointment of last Spring — I feel as if I cannot be disappointed now.
I do not know exactly, but I shall be married this spring — after all — from present appearances, I think, likely it will take place sometime between this and the first of June. I cannot talk to any certainty, for circumstances over which we have no control may occur to delay it — still, it is probable that it will be this spring. New dear sister — if you do not come to the East, I shall have no Bridal party. This is but one, beside yourself, whom I would wish to stand beside me at my Bridal, and that is my friend, Amelia Hall, whom I shall see at the Bride herself, as I will. I received a letter from her last week telling me that her wedding would take place on or about June and asking me to came to Brooklyn this week and stay with her while it was all over. She is going to have quite a gay time of it, she will have her Bridesmaids, by which she means she has to be one. I have written to her, to take her I cannot come — much as I want to go for I have so much to do for myself, that I have no time to spare, and besides my chief reason for declining was, that it is the Holy Lent fast, and our Holy Mother bids us children retire from the gaiety and pleasures of the world, and spend the season here in meditation and holy prayer. I would not be married myself in Lent, and I could not partake of the festivities attendant upon my friend's wedding.
I will write very much, nevertheless, it must wait to be so. Jundick is to marry her cousin, Leonard — a young physician. He seems to be a very fine fellow. He is a South Arrow. I told her deeply, and she told her friends and prayers for her happiness. My own wedding will be a very quiet one. I shall be married at Newark, in Trinity Church, in plain travelling dress, with no Bridesmaids. If you do not come, I think I shall have no Bridesmaids, and after the ceremony we will return home, and let all things come as if nothing had happened. Nor Brides cannot. Like this mode of proceeding very much, we would rather have me come a Bridesmaids and have two or three attendants. But I had enough of dressing up to be the largest part of a large congregation when Virginia was married, and I shall need to be in such a part again. We have changed our minds in regard to going to Brooklyn, on my Mother's account. She fretted and worried so much because I was going to leave her, that I felt as if I could not go. You know some I am her only one — and it would be indeed a sad trial to her to lose me. She wants to be so lonely here, with only the young Brother. The Brides is going to build a beautiful little House, just beside our cottage, and we are going to stay here for two or three years at least. I am used to be happy now — I shall feel relieved ever since the arrangement was made. When the House is completed, you shall have a drawing of it. That is, if you do not come and see it. If Virginia was "dreadful," I should perhaps receive calls at Brooklyn after my marriage, but she will probably be confined to her room, unable to call company, and so I shall.
not attempt it - and our house here is too small to have much of a space besides we have so few friends here. don't you think some, that it is the most sensible way to do the business very quickly? With the to have it keep very still, that it is one in which many know it, until it is over - if it were generally known, we should have to avoid house, for our business is so widely known in his business - but I hope it will not be so. we will only tell a few particular friends.

well, i declare - what a selfish letter! I have been writing all about myself - dear sir, pardon me! it is not natural that I should write as I have - especially to you? I have been as much as this. to me, i love Virginia and Lincoln. I shall be glad when the great event is over and I can feel settled in my mind once more. you see, you must have thought me either a fool or a fanatic. i don't judge from my letters for the last five months by love, pardon me now and when it is over, I will try and appear like your rational friend i know you.

Do you love me just as well as you used to, jane? some times I have thought you did not - i don't know why i should let that disturb me, i feared that you thought i loved you as much as i loved you? that i did not love you as i used to, and to you that it does not interfere in the least with my affection toward each other. i will not repeat it again - surely, you cannot doubt me, when i tell you, you are as dear to me as ever - my own dear saint jude. will you not write me a long loving letter such as you used to? our last letter must have passed each other in the road. i received yours just a day or two after mine was mailed. did you receive mine? my brother's poetry was very beautiful, and therefore since i received it, when a case is provided, his weight upon my mind, in the words "to keep it for him that shall, on the steps and in the street, come with a flash into my mind, i have ears and senses, even now, you bless my own i have the battle too, and his life has not been free from trouble, now is it snow. oh, since this life has not much to recommend it, when we compare it with heaven - even love will not suit its fullest perfection until we have passed through darkness into light." oh, love is a holy thing, when it looks for its fuller perfection in heaven. the sweetest hours which i spend with my love are those of christian communion, when we put earthly things aside, and talk of our love to the heavenly kingdom, and our citizenship in the new jerusalem. especially since he has left the corner of distraction and come out boldly, and practically an owed address of the cross, upon the walls of our Zion.

now is that dear frame of yours? you told me in your last that you were very well and yet here your strength would not permit of much exercise. i fear, my sister, that you are still as well as you could have me think you are. oh, i hope the pleasant summer air will give you strength, all beginning to feel at home in the west? i am not very well - i am suffering from dyspepsia, but i think i shall soon be better. i carry your little picture constantly in my pocket, which every day, but it never looks at me, how grand can i see the dear original?

it is getting very late, darling, and i must content with sending you a half sheet of paper. but i love writing so deeply, and i don't know but i love vivid enough, such as it is. my love to your mother and to your, and to the baby. i hope it is helped. for yourself you know you have the kindest hands and warmest love of your sister

juliette
Dear sister, you have probably heard through the papers and otherwise of the attack which Satan has made upon our beloved Bishop. How that three Bishops at the instigation of "four laymen" of the Diocese have addressed a communication to the Bishop, advising him to call a Special Convention to see whether he should resign, or to make some investigation in his affairs and threatening, if he did not do so, that they would present him to the House of Bishops for trial. Is it not a case of unparalleled audacity? They accordingly issued a pamphlet in the course of a few days entitled "Bishop Davie's Protest, Appeal and Reply," and then called a Special Convention not to judge himself, but to pass their judgment on the official conduct of the three Bishops of Maine, Ohio, and Virginia. The Convention met last Wednesday, and the Bishop came off in triumph - his conduct justified him in the course he had pursued, and expressed their entire satisfaction in regard to his integrity. The following extract from "The Banner of the Drop" pleased me very much - is it not very beautiful?

Hearts Ease.

"March 11th. I found in the garden today three tiny hearts Ease flowers - Spring just opening. How they brought to my mind the Lord that loveth that flower so well; who needeth so much, now, the soothing courage of its compelling sympathy! And yet how he needeth it? that his heart even yet been destitute of that ease which righteousness bringeth? Is ever the day so dark that he seeth no light? Are ever foes so think about him that he cannot deny the Lord's hand encompassing them and his hand of deliverance? then for death? What though the rugged bend their bow and make ready their arrows within the quiver, that they may presently shoot at them which are line of heart! So in the hard and I put my trust; how say ye then to my soul that she should flee as a bird of the hill?

We hath sung this day, the holy daimos, his own of humble progress, his mild expression of a heart torn between competing in the gods! Mine enemies are daily in head to swallow me up, for they be many that fight against me. 0 Lord most Highest. Nevertheless though I am sore tried afraid, yet past is my trust in Thee. They daily mistake my words all that they may give to the evil. But oh! bless my wandering heart, let my tears into the bottle are not these things noted in the book? In God put I my trust, I will not be afraid what
Dear [Name],

Your letter this evening has brought me much joy. I am grateful for your loving words, they come to me like the breath of summer breezes or the sweetness of Spring's first blossoms. How can I ever repay you for the deep and holy love you have shown me? You are more than just a friend to me, but a true and faithful brother.

Yours sincerely,
[Your Name]
What, in week obedience she made her humble reply, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord," oh that we could always join with her in this childlike answer. I am often surprised at my own heart, when I say "they will be done," and then look into its hidden recesses and see another there, not my will, Lord, but thine be done, it grant me this or that," how inestimably is the measure of our life, or our guilty creatures would not be left to do it again and again, and at last be pardoned by thy dear means.

How you must have changed—two years and a half, interdispersed with seasons of much severe suffering must have done their work—I know you will find me changed, not in heart, but in appearance. My mother tells me that I look five years older than I did when we moved up here. I know I have altered very much—and I am sure you will see it. Your little likeness lies on my dream, I see it every day, and it is a great comfort to me only, as I have often found fault with it before. It will never look at me, but gazes still with sad, parted eyes, upon something which is invisible. The only consolation which I have is the thought that the dear original would not do so if she were here. I am sure she would gaze upon me with her soul searching look, just as the need to do in those "Aunt Judy" days which are so dear to our memories.

Dear, dearest—how happy we were then—Do you remember our trip to Staten Island? What a tease that Byron always was. And I used to try and laugh at me and tell me I was in love with Byron, but never—I would as soon have thought of loving a cabbage as to pour out my affection in such a one as he. Now don't be offended dear Jane, that I should speak in such a way of your dear uncle—I only meant to express how widely different were our characters. I always liked Byron for fun—and even then I would rather hear others talk with him, though to talk with him myself, for he is so sunny. That I was always afraid of him—lest to think of my falling in love with him was a ridiculous idea, but he used to love me with it, before
My Beloved Sister. I received your letter a few days since and was
very much delighted to see the Milwaukee postmark once more. I have heard
from you but once before this year, and that was just after the holidays. The
title of which I spoke, which would have told me if your illness never reached
me. I was indeed very anxious to know the cause of your long silence, as long
an interval has not elapsed between your letters since we have known and loved
each other. Oh how long I was to hear you had been sick again! Though
I somewhat anticipated it from your last letter, although you told me you
were quite well yet you said your strength would not allow you any great exertion.
However, I should fear that you were sick - my dearest, if I could only see you!
your letter since pointed one out, I thought you would come. I do not blame
you for I know very well you would come if you could do so - but I am so
much disappointed.
I hope you are well enough to attend church this
week. I think it the most interesting season of all the calendar year.
Oh, now I need not urge you to prize the various privileges which you enjoy
for you have been delivered from all sickness and know how to appreciate
them. This is the first Lenten time in my life when I have been so situated
that I could not attend its services - and, indeed, it has been a sore trial
to me. I shall go to church at Monticello on Good Friday if it is good
weather.

Easter Day - 4 o'clock P.M.

I was compelled to lay aside my pen last Sunday all the lower and during
the post week I have, in vain, tried to find time to continue my letters and
will make an effort to fill the blank so far as it is quite time it is on
its way to the East West.

Easter! glorious Easter! Have you my
Letter Yet in the event of our Time today? Have you listened to the glad
announcements of the singing rude and sent a Bible of your own heart? Have
you built the Holy Altar and been filled with gay words? Do you have
- the storm has been very severe here, but nevertheless you may try
enjoying sunshine - and, if so, you are able to go out and doubtlessly
enjoy all these heavenly privileges.

I went to Church on Good
Friday and how thankful I was to be allowed to kneel once more within
the sacred walls. The bells rang up on Thursday evening and on Friday morn-
ing we started with the 10 o'clock train to go to Mountview, as arrived in
good time for service. We had no sermon - but the words of our Holy
literary came all soothing to my soul, and thrilling spirit - and like cool
water to the burning heart. They refreshed and strengthened it for a new
struggle with its lifelong enemies and with the worldly and weaknesses of
the flesh. For you have had since this Lenten time. I am sure, I too have fought - and sometimes have felt
at my adversary could prevail, but I know this to be God for his merciful
power I have been enabled through the strength of God to come off
conquered. I think you know, that I can do all through my power and with the help spiritually. I pray that I feel I am
growing in grace. We know that in the Christian life there is no
standing still - we know that if we do not progress we must recede
and though I feel most deeply how small is my advancement toward
the infinite perfection which He has set up, yet I believe
that my spirit is advancing and that through this grace will be enabled
to continue steadfast until the end. I have been blessed with love with a spirit of Graces - Oh, how thankful I am for it - for my first
experience has taught me, that I always live nearest to God while I pray
the most. But whenever I am comes, and rises very belish at which he
can devise to distract my mind, and cause me to neglect my clothes of that I could pray without ceasing — for there is nothing more power which will sustain him and stimulate his power — Then you, my beloved Sister — that I may be enabled to stand against the trials of the devil — be assured I often remember you in my supplications.

After arriving on Friday as we had nearly three hours to spare before the afternoon train left which would take us home — we took a long walk to the top of one of the high hills which surround - Monmouth on every side — of that I had the face of my desire to describe to you — the view which there met our eyes — I should think we were elevated full 200 feet above the level of the town and there it lay — all its great beauty just as we first saw it — and far, far away in the distance stretched the.expansion of country beautiful as dream lands while along the horizon rose a line of blue moun - tains — looking so subdued and so dreamy in their veil of mist that they seemed either beautiful creations of the young from substantial realities — then mine — perhaps you may one day stand there with me — if you ever come to visit me — I shall delight in taking you to that spot — I know that you will feel just like me — as if the scene was too holy for words — I gazed on in enchanted silence — I often wonder delighting when I gaze on scenes such scenes of beauty — and Heaven it like — you are taught to believe that its glorious you spread these punish - ing ones of Earth — if what then be my duties — for indeed this world is very lovely — and how fortunate it must have been when the morning stars came together at its creations — see the blinding multitude of sun bathed in its own beam lonelines — on a throne of thunder rising up to deify its purity.

"It must be mourn of mankind if the sky — Through all ages, streams still sweeps a note of woe As mythic hearts were breaking in their sighs When no profounder solace morning knew, Yet the sunshine gilds once familiar paths, 'Tis lost tale in heaven, and woe, woe, woe.

I often think some when the wind is howling around my home — as perhaps I listen to it in the silent watches of the night — that this is the voice of those morning stars "singing their wild notes of sorrow and lamentations — that sin and death should have intended to "mar so mournfully a world so fair — I sink deep in soul and see how fearful would have been the fate of our guilty race defiled and fallen had they not been redeemed by bloody sacrifice — Oh the joyful event which we this day commemorate should fill our hearts with overflowing dreams of gratitude — and cause one generalalleluia from every Christian heart — The poor Jew is now keeping his paschal feast — and in his hardness and blindness of heart, He continues to turn a deaf ear to the solicitations of the Saviour. whom they with wicked hands have crucified and slain — and who ever cried "Come unto me and I will refresh you — Turn unto me ye wise of the house of Israel — for why will ye die?" — Thank God, we know — that "that one person is sanctified for us" it — that we may keep the feast in true humility and with a godly fear — not with the old leaven but with the unleavened Bread of Innocence and Truth. Oh, when will the time come that Easter day will break on all the Earth — it makes me sad to think how many millions live who have never heard of that Saviour whose connection we this day celebrate — and how many who profess to know and love him — allow this holy time to be treated — who are so stricken of the shapes of terror which Rome has brought before their eyes — that they a random time hallucinate and
glorious things because they have been abused by the idol worshipping Church of Rome. Strange inconsistency! I wonder they did not quite abolish Sunday as a day of worship - because the originators of the Pope worship on that day - I wonder that they will accept the Scripture of Saint Mark and Saint Peter because those saints are at the head of the Roman calendar! In our country as I was so, what is full of distraction - where the standards of our lives has never been unaffected - I have daily cause to mourn. I trust that the time is not far distant when the Churches of the living God the Father and Godhead of the Trinity, will stand here. I do not find easier to that the time may be hastened - and I believe if we will - the light begins to dawn on the mountain top - and I think the day is at hand - magnificent efforts are making to build a temple in our village - we look to the Lord for the blessing.

I am very dear sister - that I surrounded your loving heart when passed, I feared you loved me less - but since you half understood you for I meant you to understand that I felt that I had not manifested as much love for you as I used to do - and for that reason I gave place to feel. I thank you for your concern for your constant affection - believe me dear your sister does love you as fondly as ever - I am sadly disappointed that you cannot visit me this Spring - I do not lack upon your dear face again. I fear that you will make yourself sick again if you go to school - can scarcely bear - glad to hear you was well. The care and diligence do not suit the hand. In school he is sitting beside me just as he - but I shall make him present for the night to add a postscript to my letter and I shall soon assign the pen to him. If I wish you could see him - he is a different man from that pencil sketch which you have - he has such a pleasant mind and task and task - he looks very singular. When I shall be married is yet uncertain - it will not however be very long delayed. The tiles move up here got into about two weeks? But tiles will be built in a few days - the timber for it is already here.

I thank you very much for Mary Poynting - you know I love to read it - for is it the poet your own dear sister? If, I love her dearly, for your sake. The verses are very sweet. I have stood at the grave of "Mon MacDonald Clarke" and have felt that I must attend nightly for the place was holy. That sweet funeral! I hope that when I die I will find a resting place in it cool Sweden. I have not seen Roger since last May - the time I came to New York to see you. I have been in Brooklyn half since times and then I only remained a few days. All I know of him so that he is alive and jumping around - after the old sort - he is at the Johnson's and anxious to hear from Brooklyn. The last time I heard from these Rogers was very much concerned 1 expect the next letter will bring news of an actual visit. I shall be very glad when it is all over. You of the partners of the firm to the Bank - called here with his lady last week and he says that they are not going to send angle to Europe this spring - I am heartily glad for Leonard's sake as well as his own.

How darling farewell - write to me soon - for I am always thinking of you and when I do not hear from you. I wonder what that missing letter went to?

May God love to your Mother and Mary and a kiss for the Baby. - Your own loving sister, Julia.
Will you write a proscription to a letter to my sister Jane? asked me Julia, while I was sitting before her this afternoon, deeply engaged in reading some story, merely for sake of shortening the tedious idleness of the day. I nodded affirmingly, and having finished her part, she handed me the paper, but what shall I communicate to you—a thousand thoughts, a host of opposite ideas gross my mind and of them all, as they rapidly pass in fanciful or strange alcove of material or imaginative origin—I am slowly contemplating, which to choose as a gift theme for a few lines to an unknown friend, at least personally, with whom uniform sympathy has well acquainted me. Is that marvellous?—If I ever had gazed with shut the glance, into the soulful depth of your languishing eyes, as I presume, they must be; and traced its mystic characters down to the very labyrinths of your soul's intense feelings, purified though passionate, as they must be by years of suffering and the hallucined influences of a cherished religion, it would be some an easy task for me to read forth scenes of gathering themes of whatever shape or form they may appear requisite. Therefore, in amendsiness to wield my pen for a talk with you and by natural drive, to discriminate in your own experience a mind, which occupies a most favorable place in my estimation. I cannot suspect you to mistake my word for intended compliments, even where they are deserved—you will certainly discern my meaning through its veil. There is, however, a fascinating charm in conversation with some unknown one, and if I were romantic enough, spirit fancy would forbid me any wish toward removing what it would deem the spice of our acquaintance.

How do you think of that?—May not a secret union of spirits exist, fully unaware that they both are bearing the dusty fetters of mortality—why, certainly it may, and record tell us of many an instance of like character—shall this be an effort to introduce such a one?—But am not I intrusive and convicted—in proposing what I cannot prove a probability you will wish or comply with? If there any apology is necessary, please and oblige by an answer in your next letter to my own beloved—Your

[Signature]
Thoughts beside Eliza’s grave. 1857, May 4

Here—where bright waters flow—
Where the tall trees in the night breeze move—
Where the wild flowers grow—
Sweet girl—they laid thee in thy early grave,
But it is a lonely, sad, neglected spot—
And of thy grave there’s scarcely left a trace.

How many happy hours, as the sleepers rest—
Oh, sleeping dust, I have one together with thee—
Blessing the sweet wild flowers—
Thy memory is ever with their perfume keen—
And midst the smiling, joyous, youthfull bands—
The paths of science walked we, hand in hand.

But while life’s morrow was bright,
 Thy cheek grew pale, and thy breath, sleeping eye—
Flashed with unnatural light—
And though so young, they told thee thou must die.
The summons came in autumn’s dreamy hours—
And then, loved one, didst perish with the flowers—

None but a loving eye—
Could single out the place of thy repose—
Few knowest where ye lie—
Where tall rank grass, and weeds, and with the grew—
Twice hath the cycle of the year rolled round—
And still there art unmarked, forsaken mound—

On every side appear—
The sad memorials of buried love—
Oh, is there none to rear—
A token of remembrance thy grave above—
And are the tears of evening all that’s shed—
Or the rank grass that waves above thy head.
Where is the sorrowing strong
That gathered round to press upon thy brow
With bursting sobs—a last
Long parting kisses? Methinks I see them now—
As list with their living loves, think they no more
Of their dark-eyed one's grave, on Jersey's shore?

Oh, chill Antinian winds—
A requiem sail on this deserted spot!
And I will come sometimes
With floral offerings. Thou art not forgot
A sweet pale rose shall bloom
Beloved one! A sweet, pale rose shall bloom,
To show there is one friend who loves thy tomb:

The shades of evening come—
The sun hath sunk behind the western hills
And I must bid me home
While holy thoughts of thee—my bosom fills.
Sad memory on my spirit casts a spell
Friend of my youth! In thy neglected grave
Farewell!

Julia

Mount Pleasant Cemetery
Oct 12th 1849.

I have written it from memory as the
manuscript is not just at hand—and that
has caused me to make some mistakes. You will
pardon them I know—and so I will not copy
it over again.

Julia.
Madison, Sunday, May 4. 1851

Very precious letters. Last year I was led to think that it was necessary for me to see you once more, and I made the journey to New York and on the Sunday this week wrote and awaited impatiently for a glimpse of sunshine. But I was mistaken.

You will have seen the newspaper of 11th inst. giving notice that I have lost the last opportunity of going into these touring cars. Some one told me that I should soon meet you at Scranton. I trust that I am mistaken. The season which has come and which can never come again may be the natural consequence of that disappointment. We are as widely separated as my mind and body. The wet weather needs my absence to get me away.

I feel very much the need of the society of one who understands me as you do. In the love we have for each other else the world would have seemed more lonely than it is. Only those who know society's dealings and know our personal traits will understand how much I have been hurt by losing you.

I have often thought that every reason to hope that it will live on throughout all eternity and be perfected in death makes for perfect love to others who are distant. I sometimes feel very sad when I think of you and feel that we may meet again on earth, but my soul is indifferent to the thought. The certainty that we shall meet on earth amuses me, knowing that I have no assurance that we shall ever meet. This summer I have taken care to be continued to myself.
I hope to my pen the pleasure of writing to you. I am well and in good health, and I trust that you are also healthy and happy. This is the last time I write to you, as I am leaving tomorrow morning to travel to my home. I am very happy with my life and very grateful for all the love and support I have received from you.

Yesterday, May 15th,
Sunday morning, June 12th

Dear Sister, with the arrival of the

For this reason, and without any

at our meeting on Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. I arrived after church. We heard a

that I have thought of you all the time.

I will strive to please you, and I trust

I will write you dear letter a few
days ago - I want to hear from you and to

I am sure I will hear from you, and I trust

I will write you dear letter a few
come from among them — for “Daisy Uddal” was so good and gentle that she loved him. Did you see the kind which one of her teachers wrote at the time of her death? I think you saw them at Berkeley if you didn't. I wrote to you about your seeing my next letters. They are very beautiful. Read one of your poetry books. I think it because I can so entirely sympathize with the heart that dictated them.

I send you some verses which I composed about a year and a half ago. I wrote them sitting upon an old tombstone in the Mount Pleasant Cemetery when the flowers covered it with letters from you which I had in my pocket.

And at my feet was the grave of one of the dearest friends of my childhood — a time we were seven years old until she died unenjoyed and uninterrupted intercourse. Her death was a sad one — she went out of the world terrified to the highest degree — thinking that she would not be united to her as she was unprepared, and yet I have always cherished the hope that she might be saved, though not a professing Christian, yet she was a very conscious — always writing and I never heard any one have Bible more than she did. Her family were wild with grief when she died. She was buried by an own request at Mount Pleasant — and they she has been there three years and a half already. The grave is still unmourned, seamed on traces of remaininging. I need often to visit it before we left home for it made me sad to know that people died there so lonely.

I also Appendix a specific letter which was made at a public dinner in Newark, given to me by the Editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser on the occasion of his embroidery in his new home in Italy. He was appointed Secretary of Legations to Constantinople. This lady — Mrs. Houghton — is very kind of cooperating. I do send anything completed.

My last love to your mother and many wishes to your dear one — write a long and not delay anyone's letter as long as I can.
My dear [Name],

Having last heard from you on the 15th, I feel a certain sense of longing for your letters. I have been pondering over your recent letter and the thoughts it raised in my mind. It is a great comfort to me to know that you are healthy and happy, and that your life is filled with joy and contentment.

The thought of our last conversation is still fresh in my mind, and I cannot help but reflect on the many things we discussed. I am grateful for the time we spent together, and I look forward to the day when we can meet again and continue our conversations.

I have been thinking a lot about the future, and I am hopeful that good things are in store for us all. I am confident that our paths will cross again, and I am looking forward to the day when we can share our experiences and aspirations.

In the meantime, I will continue to pray for your health and welfare, and I will do my best to live a life that is true to our mutual ideals. I hope that you will find comfort in my thoughts, and that they will bring you joy and peace.

Yours sincerely,

[Your Name]
myself. I fear with these "school duties" I am glad, I'm very glad that you are able to go to school & still I fear it will not suit you - do not study too hard - remember your strength will not allow it - do not in your desire to acquire knowledge forget your weakness - your life is so precious does one - do be careful - nothing in your letter about coming to the East this summer - the next I receive the news hope although I have cherished any such thought to the contrary. I love, my beloved sister - why are we pleased so far distant from each other. How often I have met with you in the church & wished I could have seen your face, or taken it to you - how soon would I be ready in your dear arms - and you as Christmas approaches. I expect you soon - when I must bring out home to day I think I can not permit. In the morning as they choose not to understand. I thy up your breakfast gates, & send to give lift which surrounding hours. I do the best of which every one is blessed, through that they of glory is our Jesus - his ways of suffering and humiliation have passed - and with his glorified body the truth ascended up on high to prepare a place for us. In that midst of victory must have flashed and rushed through the vaults of heaven, where the returning spirit entered in through its radiant gates. I do not seem less that welcome
1857, May 19

My dear Jennie,

I received your letter the 14th day of this month, but have not attempted to answer it here for want of time. I was happy to see that thou art happy to see that thou art bound to return to thy Western home by the end of January, and that thine heart is turned wholly away from Hartford. How soon I am that you are not coming East this year! If you had come I think Julia had not married. I would have gone to N. Y. with you — I may possibly go now. I should think Julia's marriage would spoil her for you, it would for me.

And you go to school, Jennie! How little did I think you would ever approach such an era as this thirteen months ago. Do you not love Union College? Those Boston girls I remember well — I can see them just as plainly as if they were before me now.
I admire your choice of studies—Painting, Botany & English Literature—Don't you love them? I am sure I should.

It is May—beautiful May—the harbinger of Summer. The city whispers it with every breath. Flowers have all budded & blossumed. Flaring hats, loose sleeves & white under sleeves are all the rage here.

"By the way," Helen has been examined for a teacher, passed an excellent examination, & taken the District School in Rocky Hill. So now the community anticipates much. Most of her anticipations are more than realized. I was much annoyed at her saying the most of the books in schools for children, to read from as she presumed she should have some small children in her school.

Her mother & Annie laugh a great deal about her account of the Normal School. Annie's gentleman, Mr. Williams has been here several times—I never saw so polished, so refined a gentleman, in taste, in manner.
Mr. Beech has left the High School. The head is gone, but the Fine Arts are still. They think the animal will walk yet. They get along beautifully. They have had serious thoughts of amusing the school in "red & black." But the most noted patriots, being absent, & "red & black" rather scared in those digging, the anayal is deferred for the present.

Miss Wheaton told me, the other day, that Miss Bartlett spent two days during the last vacation. Miss Beech was well, spoke of Mary, her husband, & said she would write to me. She knew not his address.

I am well, but have a terrible cold, which I took walking in search of flowers with Helen a fortnight ago. I am still "teaching". We are all going ideas to shoot. The babe is named Lee. My brother was here the other day. He has been in Brooklyn a long time. We have moved into Charles St. - in the yellow bricks across the way from the Tremont House - or what.
Madison July 6, 1851.

...my greatest...have been looking for. The last ten days
...have been very healthy, but have not had much
...to write to you. I am just back from a trip to...in
...impossible for me to write to you, my darling, to you.
...are little time, write a few words, to relieve your anxiety,
...and now most
...first time, since I came home from the battlefield, that I
...to collect my thoughts sufficiently to write.

You have written to me, and I am very grateful as you are. I see
...without me a few. It is a joy to me, to know that there is a loving
...enough. I want to write more of my words and think
...little general health than ever. I am tired and think I cannot
...ever since. It is not, in the result of a truant
...sounds than I anticipated. I do, indeed, make myself quite
...easy in regard to my health for I am very well. I have trouble
...tremendous, but that seems to be the lot of all — indeed I
...not live without them, you then indicate. Should I think my
...heartly, better not write one off from you. You write the invisible
...world, and the love, and the christi...and strength, every son
...the sacrifices.

...shall not tell, but you can real...I cannot say — I love my father's self;
...be my true friend, and keep me; thine.
I am not married even yet - neither can I take when it will be - I do not feel in any hurry so I do not drive anything at the minute would suit me to. If it had remained an annual visit I should have felt quite differently. I know very lovely when it is not near me but I have been here in my knees home - where I can constantly enjoy his society. It makes all difference the is the presence engages on a large beneficial composition. It is to ease I wish you could see it. It is most beautiful the composition is very nearly finished - when is done he intends to draw a large picture of it. It will be about 24 feet 1\(\frac{1}{2}\) yards. I am sure there is no one in society who would make such a thing. He cannot had been educated in the school of handcraft and Cornelian, and the lessons received from that school have not yet become known in much less attempted in this country. Mirande holds the greatest of being composers. The school is good at least in making little objects of art and the public will have art for offerings the 2d of September - and the public will have even the less art for offerings what has hitherto been unknown must be introduced out of Mirande itself. The public takes a slight standard at the public house only seen small pictures and the least of them. His pictures he will show them down what he wants to do. He has been looking for a go to found his whole career in this composition, which will only bring him fame and no many neglecting works while she would have found more leisure for it. He has his first years are passing now and his whole work is at much needed. I received last October that he was ready to sacrifice some worldly advantages for it - while sacrifices it was very willing to change.

I had a very pleasant visit at Mirande. When I left home on Friday evening I expected to return on the Monday following - instead of that I stayed nearly four weeks. I think the folks at home appreciated me very fully and that I came home. The house was burner for one time but I was not ready to come so he had to return without me, but he made of very sad face about it.

Mirande is the most beautiful little creature I ever saw - it looks like a lady. I had the pleasure of talking with the sweet children to our Isold. After - and particularly with our Bonnies. Anna Adal and I considered for me. She is married to the Lambs in Liege the other day and all dear relatives who was left us - after the will be called later. I think she looks like our Daddy used to do. I hope she will grow up like her. Anna is pretty well. She is not very strong but she does not become unhealthy at all, and no longer with the baby and her knees. I am in my daily prayers for her that her innocent child may be the means of blessing her future. It is a flavours piece. I am sorry that she is not a Christian and expect that your little girl looks almost caressed to be a baby. Was she sick? She has been so homed and to our little cat because I felt her - sweet Baby! I do love her dearly.

The dinner table always a good sign during the present this afternoon. I will copy the pretty for you.
thoughts

At the funeral of little Agnes I said, 'I wish her teacher

Besides the open coffin stood a group
Of little ones, as sorrowed down above,
And they were children all.

What mean ye now?

To give these fleeting glances at that pall
And formless figure in her marble case?

And then to turn upon your asking eyes
As ere the tear would dry, 'Can this be death?'

Was the not one among the gravesome throng
Where I may dream my visions? Under this earth

Your happy voices, where at play in old

Meagre hall, after to learn the little was done?

Ye were not wise to meet her thus, with sad

And solemn faces, though ye wept not.

A single tear.

What meant the this?... the now

Full well I see the crowd, thought, and deep

Deep feelings which do make upon you all,

You feel that she, the immortal part—'tis she!

And what ye gage upon is but the mark

Of former ties of dear companionship

Now severed all. But still ye look, and there

The tears upon the dear remains, on me.

The coffin lid

Away, fold—ye need not weep,

This is no place for tears—be ye strong

To look upon as here removed from care.

Oh, sound of the tender voice so dear

And sweet, how full, full of joy and peace,

And how she is quelling and deep thoughts of love

Which issue from the throne of the eternal

And plans to live through her Redeemer's death,

Then help not now

May ye go and meet with those

Who bemoan her early end. Be ye brave

Of little ones, and mingle now your tears

With that I wept and cried, there shed tears.

And then ye'll learn to cupreous, as did one of old.

With broken hearts!

'Shall we not weep—

She sleeps in death, and as her former note

To start the voice again, note conquer death,

But, oh! my heart is good. Why comes the snow

With quiver me in that little place, once given

The morning kiss. Where linger the wreaths those

Sweet flowers—on now perchance, a bird, or leaf,

To promulgate her heart's affection hence?

Shall I not hear thy voice again, thou child?

Of hope and promises? Shall in more the seeds

Of knowledge—fears planted in that tender mind?

Shall I not hear thy merry laugh again.
In joys or tears, at failures or success, in each task,
I would not call the battle from your height of love.
For all trials of life, I am your constant friend,
Your true self, departed one.
Though much there be, God's friends and parents near
Their love to thy Saviour known.

This verse was short,
In all the world, but God's ease
My heart, and soul, to thy Redeemer, God !
This verse was short, just as near the near
To him, in covenant, "since the day when
Wilt every one come and ask the way to Righteousness -
To peace - and heaven, and I will lead them in peace.
My few remaining days, Thy friends - Thy fear
For those who did not love them answer. Sure!
Will not be soon forgotten. So then, hast not
Divine in vain. "Blessings, I long intends answer
Lies great and small,

Then give thee days, dear child!
The memory of thy life, and love, is great
And pleasant now, and though thou dost go
From life - in the springtime of thy being fair
There hast arrived at home, and washed all ill
That thine in our daily path to life, end
"Pursue to the tomb!"

"Pray thee, July 22th."

Write soon to me, dear child: — I will write to thee, every
opportunity, I have - do not then think I neglect you if my letters
are farther apart than you would have them to - for I know,
you trust me as a child, dear, my time is very much occupied
so I would write to you, if there were more I do.

The Pilgrim [the Pilgrim]. Thanks you may send for your ectory, he says
he is aware of the value of the treasure he possesses — and the
will strive to guard it with all possible vigilance. He will
write to you soon. "The Brother city, in fact, more helped you
could see him, he is a noble fellow.

Now, darling, such joy!
I am as ever, yours

[Signature]
Dear Susan,

I found a letter in the drawer yesterday among some papers, among the most sacred souvenirs of the Christman era in which I found many things while still the memory
much - I knew you would like these pieces of poetry which I send you.

The Mother of the grave of her Child,

Our little Mary is not dead, nor directly gone before us, yet not in the stillness, nor in the darkness, but living, as she lived when she came, and took her place among the little daughters who live in heaven's innumerable hosts.

Our dear ones all are growing up in beauty and in grace.

In some kind, or in some manner, to still please God in their place. But whatever we may think of all that he has given, one gift of love, we cannot lose, our little one in heaven.

Yours truly,

R. W. D.

[Undated, possibly June 1870.]

Though I read by the light of my soul and my heart, and my heart was full of love. The purposes of my soul that my heart felt, and living my immortal growth in the heaven above - I would not sleep for the years of years that you have been in heaven. Close my heart is sad sometimes - the thought that you are near me is the first. I would love to walk to gods in your dear, sweet home, and know you - as I know you, I know you would love your so gentle, dear sister. I wish you could see me in my many, many, - of love - and this is and a joyfully heart. I have one last heart to the world. I am wondering if they are in immortal gift as his precious love - I will thank my God for it; always.

Unseen, yet near us.

"Oh, are they still with us?"
The loved, the gentle - but the unforgo -
Each sweet chamber door - they press your side,
though we see them not?

Sure in the gaint land,
For cruel, sorrow cries, we drown them there! Do they return? Not silent, shadowy hands,
So when we one canst?"

Leaving our angels home,
In here let's busy angels still are kept,
To gather, to soothe, to comfort as they can.
Those who so long have waited.

Yes, they are with us yet!
Albeit we see not all their plumes of light,
And in our path by day their watch is set,
And in our path by night.

They come to us in dreams,
When the mind is uncontrolled and free,
Upon our mental visions brightly glows
Love's sweetest phantasms.

On earth they pass the year
Our eyes were blinded, like the beauty bright
Of lovers' celestial children, strangely gone,
None on our earthlorn light.

With the same gentle tones,
The eyes that wandered with pity on with might,
To life there come they in our despotic ones,
To think their still of wealth.

Hand claspt to heart again
And lift sweet lips in sweet point airs sheep up sounds,
Trush the pale upon the tiny, under heavens,
Dwelling the lost she found.

Then wake we left to find
In dreams forth gives the lost ones to our view,
Dwelling we turn us, and the morning sung,
Mournings their same amount.

Telling the while, that yet
They show drawn near us with their plumes of light
And in our path by day their watch is set,
And in our path by night.

Mr. Mr. Mr.

Is not this a beautiful strain, darling? I know you will
Like it as much as I do.

Sunday afternoon July 3rd '51

My darling Sister—my heart is very sad, and my eyes are red
with weeping—I have just returned from the funeral of one of our
neighbors. I did not seek for him at home, they lived in the cold grave
at day—for he was one with whose I had no sympathy—same that
of the common tie which binds us to our kind: he was a man of
middle age—and a most beautiful soul who died more innocently than
he left a wife and two children, both nearly grown up—they seem deeply affected
it always makes me sad and I thought to be the uplifted day in one
when I have been accustomed to be living and moving around me
in the daily walks of life—to see the picture form itself and
end love his death, and I don't know what I would have kept
to say as I gazed upon that pale face, whose finer lines of conception
tell that the grave was gree: for I am sure, and saw the kindness and
hearts the returning of the shadows and her fatherless ones, even if
there had been no cause of agony in my own heart—but as it
was sad recollections almost made me forget the sorrowful scene before me - and I wept - in all the bitterness of my soul. It will be eight years to-morrow since our dear Agnes died - and this day I watched her all day long - and the same if you could see that - suffering face before you as it is before my inner eye - I am sure you would weep too. The dear child had lost her sight - and her speech some time before - and there the day morning in a low voice saddened and thinned, with the symptoms of convulsions coming with more frequency and strength. It was heartrending to us - she loved her the dearest - and yet we cherished the sad hope that reason and speech might return - it only like the last thinning lightness of the dying tapers - for a short interval before death came. But our physician came about five o'clock and said "his pulse was destitute of all our hopes - you must give her your mourne." He said - or she will die in dreadful pain." It was long before she could make up her mind to let her go. The dear child comforted that it was in mercy they recommended the stupefying potion - for she was with out it the last struggles would be so fierce - oh, Jane, I shall never forget the feeling I had when I saw her take the dose which I and the rest knew well would produce a sleep from which she would never awake - it was a trying hour - but at last the pecametic symptoms passed away and the stroke into a silent peaceful sleep - which continued until half past four in the morning when the terrible sound of the death rattle shook poor health - my heart - and we the clock struck eight and we knew that the last words she spoke which were intelligible, she said, putting her dear hands together - "Dear Lord, have mercy on me. Lord, a sick, suffering child, I grant me patience." and then she added again - "yes, dear Lord, patience, patience." The dear little one - I do not weep for her. She is reposing in the sweet pictures of the better land, but I weep for you, who living many strange short of the blessed rest which she so soon attained. Her spirit is gone - and the angel of the covenant opened the everlasting doors, and took her into the heavenly courts of the New Jerusalem - and while angelic harps give strange and wonderful music with a new song of devotions, and a solemn hymn from which the soul of bliss and peace departed. But my dear, I have shared the sadness of my grief into yours. I know that if I can help you are willing to share it - I can write no more - I am nervous and must wait and finish my letter to-morrow.

Sunday August 3d 1851. I want dear Jane, that this letter should have been in your possession long ago - that I have been as busy as a bee and have not had time to write during the whole week - I have six letters to write, and I don't know if it is possible for one to write them all to you. My cousin Belva sent me a newspaper last week and the murder contract with one male the first one was - that is the one you saw. The second case has a letter from some one with the notes - you don't know anything of the kind - but the third "Replay of the act"
In reading over what I have written, I am afraid to send you such a sable strain — I will try on this page to tell you something about the “City.” At last, my brother finds that completion of the work is complete. He moved the goal and shuttles. It is completely finished. It is really amusing to some of the country people as they pass by. It is becoming quite well known now all the buildings in you. At first there was all kind of conjecture about it. Two or three were building one night and they all stopped to look, wondering that it was going on. In 3 years it is the new Esplanade. I heard they were going to build one in Boston, and I know they are quite different. I can’t get room to write. I guess it is for there is a place for a tall building. It is going to stand on their way. They took out the mystery. A man stopped one day and asked my father what it was, and he told them that the was going into the business of building high up and the other one on the corner.

The carpenters who built it, the one on a different Theory; one on the other side. The idea was to have a space of about 100 feet. It was an easy task to build it up. But this was for a memorial, not for all sorts of great things. None of the people have been inside it.

Well, I am glad it is done — the poor fellow needed it very much. It is in my name, and I guess it is in a pretty looking building from the outside. I hope you will see it some day.

The first work which he does on it will be the base of the building. It will be on the east — the west will be for the base. It will commence to some extent. I am not particular about it — the estate is declared larger than I had any idea it would be. I hope it is all right.

It is long time since we have seen each other. I have written you many letters and now and then write to one or two. They have all been very well. I cannot write you a letter now — your sister and Amelia are the only ones I can trust. If my father had a letter I would write and you can tell them from me. You are sister. But your family are the closest of all. Amelia loves me very dearly, and says she wishes with me as much as you do — for the best of reasons.

The only thing I have since I have been here and I should love soon again in thought the happy hours we spent together. Do you remember the date of the day upon which you came to Brooklyn? I know nearly the times, but do not know the exact date. If you remember it write it to me. I remember, and in that time there was some sort of love for you. How much pleasure I have had for you, and how many hours I have had for you, during how many years has grown and well continued — to darling — you are my child.

Give my love to your mother and brown — and don’t forget to write soon to me as you do. It is the same as before. All dates of your lost letter.

Evelyn sends his love to you and wishes very much to see you soon. I am, ever

Your own loving sister,

Isabella.
Dear Mary,

I received your letter of the 28th in which you requested me to send you another copy of the grave inscription which I have found after a long search, this being the reason that I have not written to you before. My father says that such tomb inscriptions in memory of the deceased are mought but vanity & do not contribute any good to the dead, their memory in this world perishes with the dust, as a prophet says. Drit memoria ejus cum somniis. He rather wishes to be remembered of by God than by the world.

In reading one of your papers of the 23rd of July my father was struck by seeing two Latin words at the head of a paragraph, they were, O, Tempora! O, Noxes! (not Moses but Mozes) he supposes this was a mistake in setting up of the type. On reading on he perceived that your husband had turned Catholic, he is surprised, but no wonder the little says that in the latter days many will apostatize, I can not write any more but my father would like to know the reason that induced him to turn Catholic.

My father would like to have a private correspondence with your husband concerning religious matters. In the meanwhile I would ask him who is the great apostasy described by St. John in his revelation? I would like to know what he thinks about the 1st Epistle to Timothy 4 chapter saying, in the latter times some shall depart from their faith, & the 2nd Epistle 3 chapter. I would also ask him who is the man of sin. Who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, so that he as God sitteth in the temple of God showing himself that he is God. I would like to
Sun inform me who that man is.

We both send our respects to you all.

Kiss my niece for me.

Your affectionate brother

(Handwritten signature)
D. Q. M.
Superbe Viator! Siste Gradus!
Quid Superbis?
Superbia tua te Superabit.
Terra es, et mecum breviter
In terram ibis.
Similis tui sum olim
Sic, et tu mei similis eris.
Quamvis in sepulcro tacens,
Attamen alta voce loquor.
Tibi, veritatem hanc, ut bene vivas.
Et bene moriaris, utque aeternam
Consequaris salutem,
Commendat Amicus tuus

Qui ex hac vita secessit.
Anno Domini MDCCCL,
DIE XXI SEPTEMBRIS.
Friday Sept. 6, 1851.

Darling Sister — Yesterday (Sept 5th) was my wedding day — It is really true that I am a wedded wife. I am at writing in the Studio and a short distance from me stands my beloved husband working over residuals on a head of St John the Baptist — My husband! how strangely it sounds — and yet it is a pleasant word to me for I am very fond of him whom I call by that endearing title. I was married yesterday afternoon at home by the Rev. Charles A. Rockins — in the presence of my Mother & Father, my Brother Ernst Markel, Auntie Undall, Samuel, little Nate, and Fritz Bertel, Lusha Speer and Frederick Schlegel acting as Bridesmaid and Groom's man. dearest Sister —
wished so much that you were here — how much I would like to see you — oh, darling Jane — you are suffering — how very sad it makes me — when I feel the warm and healthy blood coursing through my veins it warms my heart to know that the blessing is denied to you — Be assured dear sister of my changeling affection for you — and my constant prayers — I will write you a long letter as soon as I can — I know you will excuse these few words — for our house is full of company — and I thought I must not neglect informing you of the fact of my marriage and sending you the cards — I wish I could send you some cake and wine by post — But you shall have some when you come in the spring — for I will save a piece of plum cake for you — I must stop —

beloved Jane — Jane as ever your loving sister (but under a different name)

Addie Castle
My husband's best love.

Addie.
Dear Jane,

Your kind letter was this day received, and you may believe I was very much pleased to receive a line from you once more. I hastened to deliver your note to Esther, who yet continues with us; her fever has not subsided; she is very low; I think not as comfortable as when I last saw her. I found her under the operation of a powerful anodyne—of course I said but little to her, but she was so thankful to hear from you—th[e]y do not allow but few persons to see her—but her mother followed me to the door, and requested me to come as often as possible, it seemed to be so gratifying to her. I will tell her what you write, or show her the letter as soon as I think she is able to bear it. Her mother told me there was a young lady in yesterday, and read to her some—but she had not strength to bear it, and was worse after it—but she is in the hands of one who able even yet to raise her up, but what the result will be no one can say.
Dr. Boersford told her brother that her 
Bower's are located. There is a great 
deal of sickness in the city. Mr. Gallaudett 
was buried to-day; had the Deputation and 
and died from debility after they had 
checked the disease. Mr. Joseph Caldwell 
with the same disease in the early part 
of the week. Surely the note of warning 
is sounding from every part of the land.

I will write you again soon—in the 
mean time all we can do is to write in 
commending her to him who able to 
present her faultless before his Fathers 
those—know you neglect to pray for 
her by night and by day and we are told 
the prayer of the righteous availeth much.

Excuse all errors for I have written 
two letters since nine o'clock.

Give my love to Mother and Mary if 
they have returned—and write soon.

PS I would pay the postage on this 
but must stop it early or lose one 
day on it.
Dear Jane,

Another week having passed away, I drop my work for a moment just to inform you of Esther's health that I could give you a more favorable account. I called there this afternoon and found her very feeble—her fever has subsided in a great measure—but the ulceration in her bowels continues; she appears cheerful—but her brother came with one to the door; I find she has but little hope of getting better. Dr. Brown told me of Esther this week that she had been one foot in the grave for the last five weeks—and it would be a great while before she got up if ever. She says give my love to Jane and tell her how much I love her. I have hard friends but no one to make good her place; she will write to you as soon as she is able—she says you must not worry about her; she thanks you very much for your notes and would like to have you write again—the sickness in the city has some what abated. Give my love to Mother and Mary and write soon.

Yours truly,

J. C. Powers

Excuse haste.
Dear Jane,

Although my two last letters remain unanswered yet by the request of Esther here I am with her in hand to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to her. It seemed very gratifying to her and as I went in she handed it to me to read, you will wish to know how she is. She remains about the same as when I wrote you last. She says she has rather more strength in her arms than she had last week but her bowels continue the same. The Dr. says she is gaining very slow but he thinks surely we yesterday had a very afflicting death from the same disease a cousin of Esthers, Amos Post you will remember. Two or three years since a young man that came near losing his life by trying to save young Wells from drowning – they were both clerks in Joseph Langdon’s Store. He was sick but little over a week last evening Mr. Clark in his lecture mentioned standing over his bed, seeing him on the verge of Eternity asked him if he had any Fear of Death. Sir (said he) I am here & I’m happy. He was engaged to Mary Parrott. This morning at God’s clock there were prayers in –
Christ Church. His partner Mr. Talbot and Mrs. Parish appearing as chief mourners after which the remains were taken to Columbia to the residence of his Father — you wish to know where Mr. Chauncey is he is residing in Groveland. I do not know whether he has a Parish there, or not. Esther request me to say to you that Helen Matthews school will be out the 10th of next month after which she intends visiting New York.

I suppose before this time Mother and Anna (I can't think to say Mrs. Booth) have returned and released you from the duties of housekeeping, and so I may expect a line from you —

Excuse all errors and
write soon.

From Dr. J. C. Powers
George Patten is married, has built a house & is living at the falls. Mr. John Morse died at the West of 800 beds. Almon Brit lives in Faby. He has two children. Mother Morton has been out as deaconess both times. Albert Morse has married an Irish girl. Eliza Stecker has 5 children. Her husband is still blind. Jane Foster has two children. Mabel & Aligeal. Mrs. Read & her husband went to Harris. Amanda is a miserable as her mother used to be. Carabine has gone to school with Eliza's picture. Her school closes this week.

I made a necklace with the locket attached for her to wear to the party, and a wristlet with the charm attached that Jane gave her.

Amelia lay down on Aunt S. asked what ailed her. She said the musquettes had troubled her. She said the musquettes have not done all the mischief.

What can I do? Caroline is made very happy by her presents.

28 attended the school examination not one of the children there. The examination not one of the children there. But I cannot learn that but one of those scholars have died. Am Eliza Dumme. I think it singular that you should all have lived so many years.

Laura's children as might be expected are full of the B. — examining the writing books, I noticed a number of profiles in Helen Hawkins' and written under one 'old Fitch'. Ega Britz's wife is a Methodist. The two most important facts I learned at that school were these. The teacher asked what keeps the Ocean pure. 'reply of Thales. How many years did Gen. Washington serve as President? Two thousand.' Mr. Foster is about leaving Charlestown for Bell's seven miles from same Avery. There has been no sickness here about 'all warrant him enough at the west.'
Mr. Booley told the people here that you was a woman's rights woman—but I set them right upon that point. Mary Basset is one as we supposed—and in order to lecture has left her little son a year with her father & spin—and without any sort of a woman's care or influence—Mary's husband does not agree with her upon that point.

Mrs. Gen. Stongley & Joseph took tea here. She always told Moses that she would not make him a happy wife.

Mary Poole's brother lives in Mr. Dunham's house. She died last spring of consumption—her mother has died since. Mrs. Campbell is 92—her daughter Ludden came to see her. She said oh mother don't you know yon own hope. She said oh yes—she married Henry Ludden that was all she could make her say. Mrs. Campbell says I don't know anything, but it is no matter since I live here. Him & me (meaning Christ). How beautiful amid the weak of nature, and the failure of all earthly loves to have your life hid with Christ in God.

Sunday Carrie & I stay at home to get Sunday subject the old rooster—Methodist minister asked the people if they could sing more. A fellow said he could sing the more but he had not been in the habit of singing her.

Nov. 1. My dear Jane, I received a news of the 25 yesterday. Mary should write one week to you the next then I should hear from you every week. I am sorry that Cyrus is sick poor fellow & poor Shemone. If you are not better I wish you would go out to Mr. Wrights & stay a week—there is nothing equal to a change of air. Use ginger if you don't seem to need it. I was better when I arrived here, than when I left home and now am lilite & gay as
a lark—quite myself again. The weather is very mild. This is Olives wedding day. I am visiting all around and taking comfort—yout must rest & take care of yourself. Now show me that you can take as good care of yourself as you did of me. Mary must not make herself sick going over the stage now. Susan is sick. You must need a nurse for him.

Mrs. Seyes lives just below Charlemont village. Mary Dol's father has been here & said that he is cousin to the Corps. What a blessing to feel your health & strength returning—after so many weary days & nights of suffering—Yam making a sunbonnet for great Carrie we can't call her little any longer. She has almost finished working the pattern that Mary sent her. My dear Mary I have just received yours of Oct 29. Try to take good care of yourself—mother I want Sherman to insert this marriage in her paper for the benefit of the Rev. brother Crain & others. Write me & send me a copy right off without fail.

Married in Hawley Nov 1st.

by Rev. Mr. Young—Miss Ellen Cooley &
and Olive F. Crittenden daughter of Deasine
on Crittenden of Hawley.

What will the Bevers say?

and other Charlemont folks.
My Beloved Sister.

It is long since you have heard from me and I know you wonder why it is. I will tell you dear sister in a few words, only a day or two after I received your last letter, we had a very distressing visit to the bedside of our revered father. Of course, such weeks of anxiety and tribulations as I have passed through since then! We found the poor fellow dangerously ill of a fever nearly approaching to fever—she a long time sick though that we must be able close his dear eyes forever; but our merciful Father listened to the supplications of his servants and we are happy in seeing him restored to a comparative degree of health. We wrote to him last letter a few days ago. He is up all day now, and we hope will soon regain his strength. He will remain with us this winter, perhaps longer.

Oh, he is a dear fellow—he was so good; when he was sick so thankful for every little attention—his eyes often filled with tears when he told me how lonely he was before we came. "Oh," he said, "when you came in the door, I thought I saw angels. It is a bad thing, I mean, to be sick, very, very sick, as he was, and not until the gate of one closing after to be all surrounded by strangers, who though kind, yet of necessity must be cold, and render them services from a feeling of duty, rather than from a heart, warm affection.

My husband has been quite sick ever since we came home, anxiety of mine, and amount of rest has almost prostrated him. It is better this morning. Some letter darling there was very long one, I was glad to receive it. But oh, how sorry I am to hear that you were so sick—my darling sister—oh, if I could only see you, it gives me such a moment's thought of the long, long miles which lie between us. Oh, I hope that we are in better. You say you long to be at least a well darling. I will try and keep the balance, and wish to keep you in this world of pain—but oh, my heart thunders wildly with anguish when the thought of your departure enters my mind. Now, do I know it is selfish, but I cannot help it—it is easy to preach—preach one thing to oneself, but when one comes to apply it home to the heart, your human nature will rebel. But I trust that you will be spared to us yet perhaps for years—I will continue to pray for you dear one. That your pain may be less.

Thank you darling for the little case you sent me. I saw it that a few moments since and I was surprised to see it so green and good—I looked on it with tender eyes, and tied it back in the letter with a warm kiss while I would not let any have passed on the marble brow of my blessed sister. On Thanksgiving morning I found a bunch of poinsettia in the garden, all frozen and covered with snow. I picked them and tied them in my hands until they revived and looked as beautiful as if they had been born through a June day, I tied them together with some narrow leaves, and took
them to poor Duty be admired them as or if and then I thought I would send them to you as I had no time then to write. I missed them in a large book belonging to Duty I wish you could see it. It weighs thirty pounds it is bound in leather, with heavy brass corners and clasps and was printed in Nuremberg in the year 1672 making it almost two hundred years old. It is an theological work and very valuable. It has not arrived here yet but will probably come with the rest of Duty's Library tomorrow. I shall keep this letter until morning when if the looks at home before that time I will send them to you.

You seem to think that you said something to wound me in your previous letters but darling yours are and when I did not mean to give you that impression by what I wrote I only meant to tell you that I could hardly think of writing you better than I did even though you had been friends for years. Oh, you dear one. I trust your love too well to think you would say anything to wound me.

I am in receipt of the music, and I thought I had thanked you for it long ago. It reached me after a long time and some one had been kind enough to cut the wrapper off and then tie it up again with a piece of cotton twine. It was probably done in our village post office for they are the most unimaginative people here that ever lived and so we have nothing to do with them, but keep our close at home. They are, of course, very curious to know all our affairs. I hope the music very much and if I ever get my promised pianos I will play it very often for your dear sake.

Our little church in the wilderness is coming on very well. We have a Sunday afternoon service now instead of a Sunday evening and we like it much better. We have formed a choir of which my husband and myself are leaders, and we make very respectable music, considering.

Have you heard some of the death of the Rev. William Crosswell? He was rector of one of the churches in Boston. He was an intimate friend of Bishop Warner who preceded one of his sons after him. He died like a true Christian soldier with his armour on. He had preached on Sunday afternoon a sermon to children from the text - 'Jesus called little children having before read prayers and baptism an infirmary. After the sermon he repeated the closing collect and sent the benedict to him and found him almost lifeless, having ruptured a blood vessel in the brain. She was carried to the sick room where, after about three hours an expiry. Our Bishop wrote some beautiful lines on his death which I must copy for you.

William Crosswell, Poet, Pastor, Priest.

I did not think to number thee, my Crosswell, with the dead, but count one on thy loving lips to proffer my dying bed, to watch the fluttering flame of life, till languidly away and point my spirit into the gate that opens into day.
more than Brother, thou hast been; thou finer and twenty
one stone and thine, in grief and joy, in smiles alike and tears;
one turn from hearts as perfectly incorporated, in one.
That not a shadow of a thought we marred their union.

Beside me in life's highest noon, to hear the Bridegroom's voice,
by loving picture, joyously stood, contented to rejoice;
Nor boner that ever congratulations be bestowed on me, or mine,
But thee, for thee, or keener joy, than if it had been mine.

The fingers, at the sacred font when God my heart had blessed,
For my first. I bow the dear baptismal sign impressed,
My second, born, thrice own, in Christ, our loving names to bind,
And, knit for life, his father's son, in with this father's friend.

And when our patriarchal White with apostolic hands,
Committee to my trembling trust, the Savous death commanded,
My manly form, and painfully face, were at my side again;
My voice, a trumpet to my heart, in its sincere rose.

Beside the one again, be mine, accepted Priest, to stand
and take with thee the pastoral pules from the dear Shepherd's hand,
As thou hast followed him, be mine, in love, to follow thee.
Nor can how soon my course be run, so shine, my rest, maybe.

The beautiful and glorious death, with all divine armor on
White, the pure, like my placed feet, not like an angels shone,
The words of blessing on thy life had scarcely ceased to sound
Before thy gentle head, with them its resting place became.

Oh, pastoral and priestly death, poetic as thy life,
A little child to shelter in Christ's fold, from sin and strife.
Then by the gate that opens through the Broke, you such as they
To enter in thyself, with Christ, you amount to be.

I know dear sister, that you will like these verses as much
as I do. Now beautifully, yet meekly, if his death is alluded
and how the living heart of our dear Bishop shines with
in every line — I heard on the hearthless one, who would
have cut dissonance on his dear name! It will all yall on
their own heads.

I had a letter from Brooklyn yesterday, and I know
that you will be sorry to hear that dear Aunt Rachel has
met with an event and accident. She came in Virginia's
room one day last week on her way down to dinner, and
there was a chimney with water in, boiling on the corner
of the grate — she attempted to take it off, and set it on
her own scalding herself dreadfully. Virginia says it is
an awful malady, when she broke her dress off the
stem with it leaving her arm like a piece of raw beef.
Poor Aunt! She is too good to suffer so much.
The rest are all very well. Virginia had a letter from
and a short time since, she was in good health and
spirits; he was at Lyons, July One that she has to play the
window as often.

Annice Caruthers, my friend if whom you love so
often heard me speak, has lost her brother since I wrote you last. Poor Mrs. Westmore! I cannot realize that she is dead indeed. Amzie and Zena are orphans now— their noble father was washed from the deck of his vessel in a fearful storm about four years ago—the dear girls how I pity them. I am glad that Amzie is married. I believe if she had no one to cling to she would not long outlive her mother. She wrote me in her first letter after her marriage “I used to feel so proud and happy when I walked by my own dear father’s side, and when he was taken from me I thought I never could have those feelings again, but I find them springing again into life, when I lean upon the arm of my faithful and devoted husband.” And well she might be proud of such a father—for he was one of nature’s noblemen—a son of the town and land. Zena was a fitting terminus for him.

My love baner sends his best love to you darling—and we hope to see you in the Spring. Remember me kindly to your mother and Mary. If you do not feel like writing ask one of them to let me know how you are. It is now 40 weeks since the date of your last letter and I am anxious to hear from you.

Ever your Sister

Julia
Dreams, what have I to do with them?
When a dark shadow o'er my life aint? For mornful are the spirit gleams That come and go, why do they fly so fast?
My life is like a fleeting cloud, but we propose to read the chart that lends
To the waters which my heart upon mine far.
My dreams have been as the
For oh, make my spirit glad eye, did thine own.
There came a fond sweet thought to me Of love and hope, for I was not alone.
My heart seems cold but her beating
With fondest loves that ever, ever flow.
When the flowers are wither, fleeting,
And the brightest, fairest, under flowers blow.
I think the life should be as light
As free from care as is a match's scorching
It can never be as an hour bright
That rarest thy path long long
Oh, it is fearful when we think
That there we cherish so can ever die
And from the mornful truth we shrink
With a half trembling, half unconscious sigh.
And I have seen the cheeks grow pale
With death's own look, and alas, for me
That night, love should be so fair.
That cruel Death itself should wait for the
Milwaukee, Dec 13th, 1851.
I have copied that for you to illustrate one of my theories. I do firmly believe that every poet, even if you choose to call them so, is a prophet. I do not know of but one person besides myself who thinks so, that is, Mother. So from this is that piece for one. I have another that proves it far more conclusively to my mind. I wrote it without any idea of what it was going to be and although at the time I scrawled a most dreadful scrawl which at the time I could not understand myself yet it did actually come to pass in six months from that time. This piece written seven years ago, possibly my own condition at night. Do you not see it, no, you are not here to see, but if you were you would have seen the other side. Of the world out that call upon mine ear, and everything else manful and a terrible, alarming is on my spirit and cannot shake it off, and when that was written I was as happy as a bird. Do you think us so? The world is people, and I am a strange uncountable creature, may be I am from that cure do you expect will like me just as well as I had met so many. Do you want you?}

L. B.